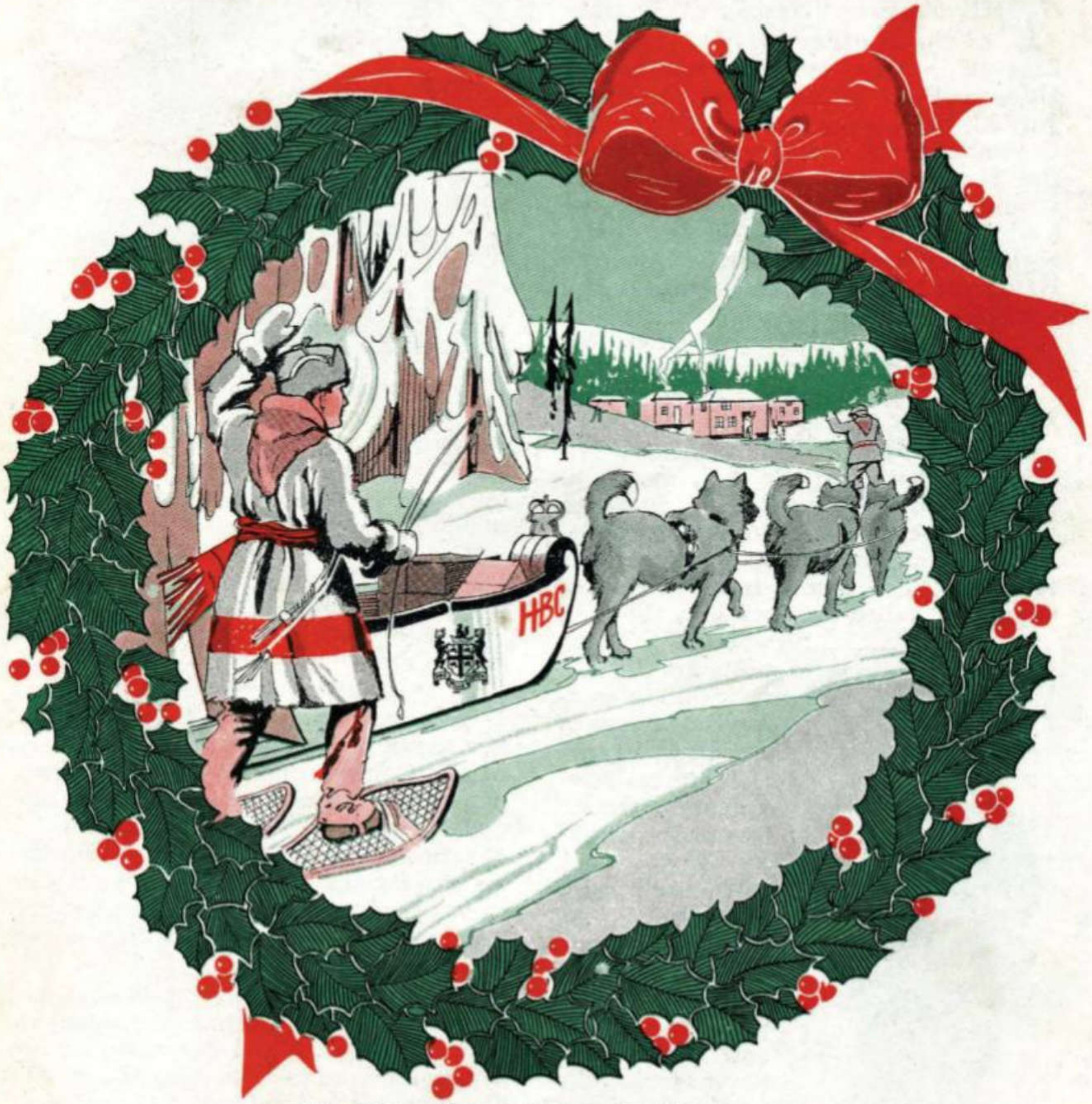
Vol. I Christmas, 1920 No. 3

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



The gliding dog-sleds loom in sight,
From weary waste of arctic night,
With greetings from those men of might—
The men of the Hudson's Bay.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Ninth Annual Voyage, H.B.S.S. "Nascopie" into "The Bay"

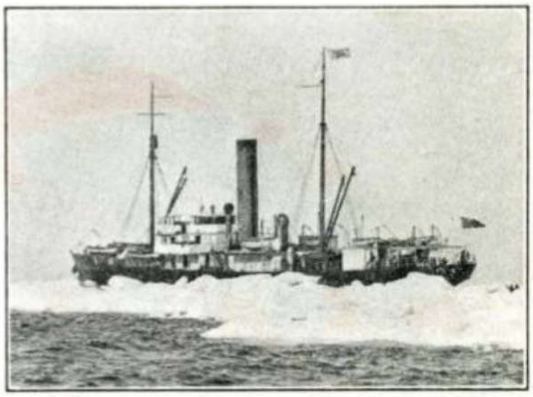
Carrying Civilization and Supplies Into Sub-Polar Regions Once a Year is Interesting, but Calls for Hardy Constitution, says Master of Transport.

By CAPT. EDMUND MACK
Superintendent of the Bay Transport

THE steamer "Nascopie," flagship of the Hudson's Bay Company's fleet of supply vessels operating in Hudson Bay, sailed from Montreal, July 23, 1920, on her 9th annual voyage. Commanded by Captain G. H. Mead, the "Nascopie" last summer and autumn steamed eight thousand miles into the ice-infested waters of the sub-polar regions and back, provisioning Hudson's Bay Posts in the Labrador, Ungava and "the Bay" districts, completing her round of duty with the return to St. John's, Newfoundland, October 18th.

Missionaries, police, government officials and explorers look to the annual voyage of the "Nascopie" or the "Pelican" as their only means of transportation from Canada ports to the vast territories lying athwart the Arctic circle northeast and west of Hudson Bay. Such men—scores of whom are called by duty into the land where H.B.C. fur posts are the sole civic and commercial centres of a sparse and savage population—are carried thence by our ice breaking ships. And when their work is finished we bring them home again.

Capt. Edmund Mack



"Nascopie" in Ice Fields Off Wolstenholme

Each summer the "Nascopie" and her sister ships victual the north against the rigors of another winter. They carry the comfort, sustenance, good cheer, letters and news of the great world "outside" to the brave men who stand guard at the Company's lonely outposts on the fringe of the Arctic sea; in winter they busy themselves in other waters until ice-locked straits which bar them from "the Bay" are open again or until the passage may yield to the "punch" of their armoured prows and steel-ribbed hulls.

In 1920, as in every other year that I have been with the "Nascopie" on her round of duty in Eskimo-land, men of the Company's service and throngs of natives at the posts strain eager eyes toward the horizon, watching for the first sign of "Nascopie's" smoke. As she swings to anchor for just once each year in each of these far off ports, men, women, children and dogs crowd the beaches.

Always is the welcome warm and hearts are light when our ship comes in. The H.B.C. ship and her crew are the perennial summer "Santa Claus" to these people in the land of the reindeer and polar bear.

The arrival at a Post is the signal for the beginning of hard labor—unloading food and wares for the Post; but into the period of our brief visit is always crowded a whole season of joy and merry-making. Eskimo women roll barrels and pack boxes from wharf to warehouse; everybody joins gladly in the work of unloading supplies.

Then as we weigh anchor, the people wave farewell and go back to their silent life, to work and wait, with accustomed stolidity, another day of joy and feasting when the "Nascopie" shall once again show her funnel above the green waters of "the Bay's" horizon.

The passenger list of the "Nascopie" on leaving Montreal, July 23rd, included the Eskimo murderer "Ouangwak" and his intrepid captor, Sergeant Douglas, R.C.M.P., who bore the long arm of British law far into the Arctic regions last year in his search for the man-killing "huskie." A magistrate and three other policemen were members of the party escorting the murderer back to Chesterfield Inlet for trial.

Of our departure from the port of Montreal, *Jack Doherty, second engineer of the "Nascopie," and ship's poet, sings:*

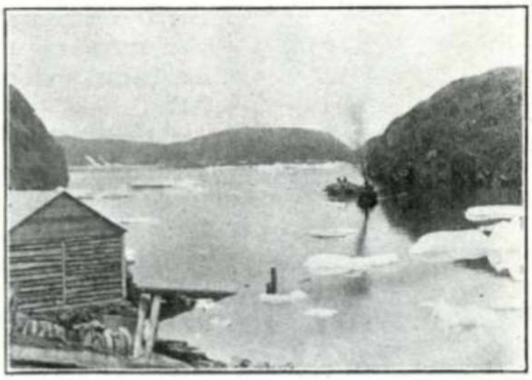
We sailed away at break of day,
The sun smiled down as if to say:
"Enjoy me now while you've the chance,
For soon I'll hide my countenance";
And sure enough next day the fog—
Well, you'll see it mentioned in the log.

Captain Mead carefully nosed the steamer along through dense fog. For hours, near Cape Race, the blatant shriek of the foghorn came to us from out the void, giving the captain the location of the Cape. Stealing up the coast at low speed, we put safely into St. John's, Newfoundland.

Here we took aboard Mr. Ralph Parsons, district manager of the H.B.C. Labrador District, and added to the "Nascopie's" bunkers her final supply of coal. Well did we know that every pound of steam power might be required to punch our big ice-breaker through the freezing straits of the Northland.

We cast anchor, July 29th, and sailed away to months of duty that were to be tinged with adventure at every turn and yet, withal, flavored with most unromantic, gruelling work. *Again, we harken to our doughty engineer as he sings:*

A few days' uneventful trip
And then the ice gets in its grip
Combined with fog; we plough right
through
Until Port Burwell comes in view;
We strain our eyes—yes, every man,
But fail to see the "Pelican."



Landing Cargo, Port Burwell

The harbour at Burwell was churning full of ice, in which it was almost impossible for our steam launch to make headway during the transfer of supplies for the Post. The unloading of a year's supplies was accomplished with greatest difficulty over the slippery ice. With "duffles" replacing shoes, however, the men were able to gain a footing on the ice and accelerate the task of removing cargo to the shore. *And the second engineer, with light Gaelic heart, chants cheerily:*

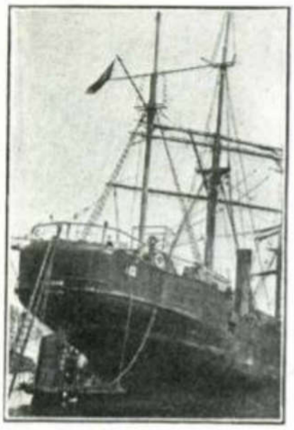
The cargo finished we start away,
And plough through ice for all that day,
We see a walrus and a seal
Disport themselves—and scarce conceal
Our glee, to fire a shot o'er water—
To hit them is another matter.

We steam along for weary hours
Through fields of ice, past icy towers,
And scan the coast for our landmarks,
Which you won't find upon the charts,
And keep the cameras busy, too,
Because there's nothing else to do.

Steaming into Lake Harbour (Baffin's Land), much to our astonishment we found anchored there the "Pelican," another of the H. B. C. supply fleet.

She was crippled, we learned, having been rammed by an iceberg which wrecked a blade of her propeller. She had fortunately been gotten safely into Lake Harbour under sail, with the fur-

Capt. G. H. Mead



The "Pelican" Beached for Repairs

ther assistance of the men of the Post and a motor boat.

The "Pelican," although now a veteran in the H. B. C. service, twenty years ago sailed the seven seas as a British man-o'-war, sister ship to the famous "Condor." With her hull of heavy teakwood, the "Pelican" is well equipped for duty as an H.B.C. ice-punching supply vessel.

With the aid of reinforcements arriving aboard the "Nascopie," Captain R. Bergner and Chief Officer T. W. Jones of the "Pelican" were enabled to effect repairs to their ship. *And here Engineer Doherty chimes in with another stanza of his brave ballad:*

A hurried council formed a plan
To put new life in the "Pelican";
They lightened and towed her on the beach,
Where at low tide the nuts they'd reach
That held the broken parts of screw,
Removed them and replaced with new.

The work was done, 'twas not a dream
At night they worked by searchlight's beam;
But many an anxious hour they passed
Ere she was safe afloat at last.
As we had further on to go
We sailed away while whistles blow.

The beaching of the "Pelican" was rendered extremely difficult and hazardous by the uncommonly great rise and fall of the tide in that region. The difference in the two levels is approximately forty feet. Several times at low tide, during the replacement work on her propeller, the "Pelican" lurched perilously to starboard, as we had run her stern upon the beach at high tide and the receding waters left her suspended aft in a position which, without dry dock facilities, was hazardous to both ship and repairers.

H.B.C. Store, Lake Harbour, Baffin's Land

Putting out of Lake Harbour on August 12th, the "Nascopie" steamed for Wolstenholme. *As the bard of our boat so aptly scans it:*

Next Wolstenholme or "Eric Cove,"
A place with which we're not in love;
The harbour's open to the sea;
On either hand high cliffs you see;
The Post lies snuggled in the valley,
Down which winds blow continually.

While anchored at Wolstenholme, a nasty blow came on when we were busy with transfer of cargo, towing in the supplies with lashed boats behind a steam launch. While making a trip from shore back to the "Nascopie" the heavy gale broke the lashed boats from their hitch to the launch and flung them upon the stony beach in sorry wreckage. The crew endeavored to salvage the boats and waded the icy waters until numbed with cold. Night came on and still we labored at the wreck by the beams of a searchlight.

Mrs. J. S. C. Watt, Capt. Mack, Capt. Mead, "Lofty" Stewart and staff at Wolstenholme.

On the following day some of the crew again waded into the breakers and spent some hours in a final desperate attempt to get the cargo boats off the rocks. They were compelled to abandon the lashed boats eventually to the further fury of the waves, though they succeeded in salvaging the steam launch.

August 16th, according to the log, was the date we sailed from Wolstenholme, bound for Coat's Island with the schooner "Nannuck" (White Bear) in tow. The "Nannuck" was to redistribute the supplies allotted her from our cargo to the outposts of the Company among the Eskimos of that district. The "Nannuck" is skippered and manned by the Company's Eskimos—and ably handled by them under all circumstances.

As our versatile engineer muses now in satirical vein:

"Nannuck" is dropped at Coat's Island
bleak—
A lonelier spot would be hard to seek—
But such like trials will men incur
When they go out in search of fur.
On woman's dress a part will go,
But not for warmth—just for show.

And then romps on with rhyme in cheerful tune:

So now at last we're southward bound
To a little spot in Charlton Sound;
We steer our course past rocks and shoals
And try to find the deepest holes,
Past islands called the Bears and Twins,
With nerves on edge like needles and pins.

But sounds a note of wild alarm:

Till Weston Island we draw near,
A reef extends for miles from here,
Which for the unwary form a trap,
It is not marked on any map;
With ease the ship a hurdle jumps,
And the cook exclaims, "What ho, she
bumps."

H.B.C. Depot, Charlton Island

Arrived at Charlton, August 21st, says the log. Here I left the ship and proceeded to Moose Factory to inspect the Company's schooner "Fort Churchill," which was lying-in there. At Moose I found that the mechanical science of civilization had sailed into this first outpost of the wild north in the form of a hydroplane of the Ontario Government. Before the airman took flight for the south I mailed letters home to Montreal via his plane, this mail going out in 24 hours, whereas, ordinarily, twelve days are consumed.

Receiving aboard a new passenger, Dr. R. B. Stewart, of the Indian Department, September 1st, we steamed for Churchill. One of those dense fogs which had troubled us for a large part of the voyage, cast a pall upon the coast as we neared Churchill anchorage, completely obscuring the two forts of the Company which, in fair weather, are distinguishing landmarks of the historic place.

For three days we hovered off the port, unable to navigate the "Nascopie" to her accustomed berth at Churchill.

At last the great fog lifted and, as the *second engineer records in his inimitable way:*

Gateway, Old Fort Prince of Wales, Churchill

At last we enter and clear the bar;
It's the most dangerous harbour here by
far.
We anchor in a certain place
Just clear of that mad river's race;
Its current runs at quite eight knots,
Even at half, it's swift in spots.

Forthwith the year's supplies for the Post were put ashore. The coastwise auxiliary schooner, "Fort York," was filled with cargo for York Factory, Trout Lake and Weenusk Posts, on the west shore to the southward.

Members of the R.C.M.P. whom we had carried from Montreal with their prisoner here found that the motor boat which they had expected to be there for their use, had been wrecked on the way into port.

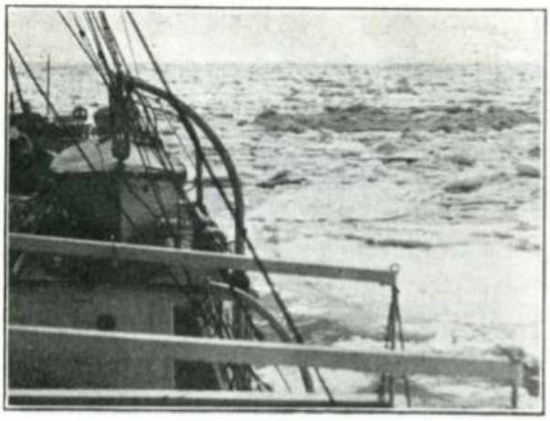
To our passenger list were added before sailing from Churchill on September 7th, Mr. Chris. Harding, H.B.C. District Manager at York Factory; also Sergeant Thompson.

Arriving at Chesterfield, September 14th, the "Nascopie" landed supplies for Repulse Bay and Baker Lake. The new motor tug, "Caribou," was launched to begin her duties in northern waters by towing these supplies to their destinations. Passengers who embarked at Chesterfield were Father Turquetil, Father Puguet and Br. Gerard of the Catholic Mission.

H.B.C. Storehouse, Chesterfield

Back to Churchill we steamed on September 21st to put ashore Mr. Harding before starting on the return leg of our voyage.

Headed for Wolstenholme again, we ran into the great ice floes driving down Fox Channel, September 23rd. We



"Nascopie" Punching Through the Ice of Fox Channel

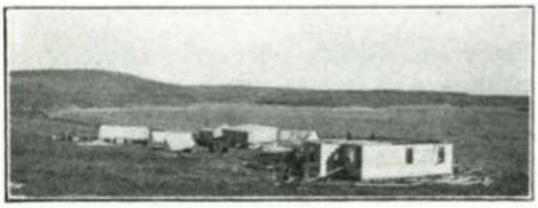
were none too early to avoid being locked in the Bay for nine months. Fox Channel is where the "choke" comes earliest. Putting on steam, the "Nascopie" smashed and butted through the ice and raised Wolstenholme on the twenty-fourth, buffeted by the usual stiff gale off the big Cape.

Here we learned that the "Pelican" had again disabled her propeller in the ice fields. She was unable to proceed south and perform her allotted duty of erecting a new trading Post to be named "Port Harrison." It was decided that the "Nascopie" should assume the task. We loaded lumber and supplies, and, *as the gifted Doherty runs on in verse:*

What cargo she has left we load,
And turn back again upon the road
To erect a new department store
Upon some ill-frequented shore.
We can't just find the place somehow—
Port Harrison, "Oh, where art thou?"

The cargo's landed in a tent,
The architects o'er plans are bent;
To build the stores they have begun,
Each day we count them one by one;
The dwelling house is a work of art
The swellest mansion in this part.

The stores are built, so off we set,
We leave some men the furs to get;
We wish them luck—our wish sincere—
And hope to call another year.
At last we're on the homeward track
It's past the time that we're due back.



New H.B.C. Post at Port Harrison

We sailed from Port Harrison, Oct. 4th, leaving Mr. L. A. Learmouth, a veteran of the service, as manager of this newest H.B.C. Post. Touching again at Wolstenholme, October 6th, we steamed straight for Lake Harbour and took aboard as passengers there the Rev. Fleming, Anglican missionary for Baffin's Land, and Mr. Melton of Cape Dorset.

On the ninth of October, the "Nascopie," in the teeth of a heavy gale, laid her course for Port Burwell. All passengers were miserable from seasickness until we made port.

At Burwell we picked up Messrs. J. Livingstone and W. McGibbon, bound from Fort Chimo, Ungava, to Scotland, on leave of absence from the H.B.C. service—their first time "out" in seven years. Rev. S. M. Stuart, of theAnglican church, also came aboard at this port.

October 13th we sailed from Burwell and moving through Gray's Straits breasted the Atlantic. Meeting a heavy sea, the "Nascopie" pitched, rolled and bucked until sea sickness again overtook many of our passengers.

Steaming into the harbour at St. John's, Newfoundland, October 18th, the eventful 1920 voyage of the "Nascopie" into the "Bay" came to an end. As we took train for Montreal we saw the last of the "Nascopie," ready to sail for Savannah to load cargo for Bristol and Glasgow.

Homer McKee's Prayer

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and lose myself in their play.

And then when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple:

"HERE LIES A MAN." —*The Index.*

119 Years Ago This Month at Old York Factory on "The Bay"

Leaves From an H.B.C. Post Journal Recording Routine of Day-to-Day Happenings at York Post December, 1801

REPRODUCED VERBATIM

From Entries by William Tomison

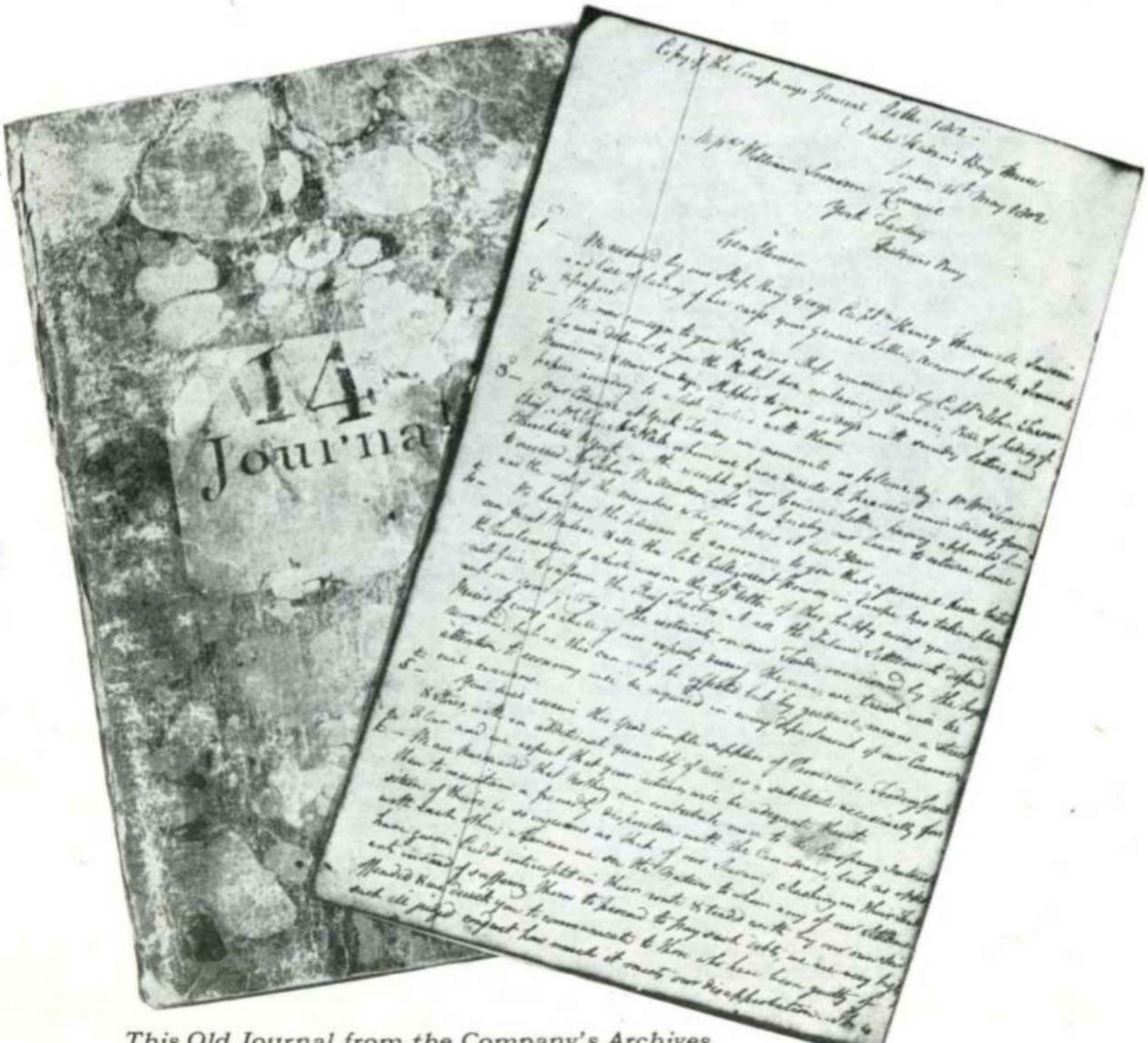
A.D. 1801

Dec'r 1st—Tuesday—2 men sawing a few boards—& the rest as before—hung up our meat in the shed—also 2 Indians brot us 2 cows (buffalos)—Hot weather & light breezes at S.W. very little snow left—

Dec'r 3rd—Thursday—4 men made bags—The 2 men finished the door & the rest at their duty. Jas. Ruchan began yesterday to make plainsmen's coat for Ind—traded 5 Buffalo from Indians—heavy rain for three hours this day—afterwards strong breeze at S.E.

Dec'r 6th—Sunday—Indians busy trading & several of them went away—also 6 fall Ind young men came in with a few foxes—very heavy fall at W in the evening—3 chiefs came in.

Dec'r 9th—Wednesday—3 cut firewood—3 making soap & the rest as before—1 Blackfoot that speaks fall Ind. came here with a few foxes he will remain in our cooking tent until the Fall Ind come in—they say that they will be all in about the last or beginning of next month—



This Old Journal from the Company's Archives is the Source of the Accompanying Extracts

Dec'r 14th—Monday—Calm clear & very sharp—our pitch hunters returned with a sufficient quantity of pitch—abt 3 big kegs—3 cut firewood—2 coopering & 2 tayloring—the other 2 repairing my cabbin floor—Our people found some tattood Indians at the Pines, coming to the Fall Ind—One of our horses fell into the river at the banks up here—sticks below the men's chimney took fire at 10 in the evg. but we soon put it out.

Dec'r 15th—Tuesday—Light breeze at N.E. afternoon overcast & warm—6 men went hunting up bad river—Killed 4—4 rep'd the men's chimney—Taylor as before.

Dec'r 16th—Wednesday—12 Blood Ind Chiefs came to our house & 6 to the French house—sent 3 Indians on hunting they killed 5 cows & brot 3 home—our men brot home the 4 they killed yesterday—men hunting but no luck on So. Side, Mr. Park killed 1 cow—light breeze & warm.

Dec'r 18th—Friday—Light breeze, clear wea'r—Tradesmen at their duty—& the rest cut firewood—All the Blood Inds. finished trading & went away.

Dec'r 20th—Sunday—Fall Indians traded & went away—they say that they will not go to war against the Stone Ind. this winter—

Dec'r 22nd—Tuesday—Thick snow in the morning—men as before—& got a sufficient number of logs—Taylor making a pair of trowsers for myself—1 Fall & 2 Tattood Ind came in—they have not been in before—they have about 12 foxes—The Fall Ind man has been along with them 2 years—

Dec'r 23rd—Wednesday—Salted yesterday 1 keg of meat—Ind went away—Taylor finished my trowsers—3 Blackfeet Indians came in—cold wea'r—men came home with 1 cow—

Dec'r 25th—Friday—Got Christmas dinner ready for the men & it was a good one gave them 1 dram of rum & ½ pint of brandy each—Indians traded & went away, 7 cows to fetch from the tents, the Englishman brot us 3 Cows—16 Tongues—& 8½ Made Beaver & 4 bladders of fatt—The Feathers we hear is returned to the Pond to hunt Buffalo—He & his family will be pittiful all winter as last—cold wea'r—

Dec'r 26th—Saturday—The 2 men at the hunting tent made 2 trips to the house with 5 Horses each time they brot 10 Buffalo—2 remaining behind—tyed up the skins & Taylor cut out Chiefs coat—a fall Ind came in with a few foxes—Mr. Park killed a lynx at the House—Buffalo very plentiful 2 miles from the House—men's chimney again took fire.—

Dec'r 28th—Monday—Brot in this day 61 grey foxes—23 wolves—3 lynx—2 Badgers—3 Red Foxes—6 Beaver—Taylors at their duty—all the rest cut ice to lay up our vituals with—

Dec'r 30th—Wednesday—Wea'r as yesterday—2 rep'd the men's stove—Taylors at their work—& the rest sawing meat—Englishman's father-in-law brot us 3 cows—3 fall Indians came in with dog team.

Dec'r 31st—Thursday—Strong breeze at N.E. very thick drifts of snow—cleaned out the yard—& took in our line for bundles—The Feathers came in last night with meat—5 cows to Mr. Wells—he returned this day cleaned out the yard—Taylors at their Duty—& repaired 2 waistcoats of mine.—

Prices Have Been Going Up for a Thousand Years

THE advance in prices since 1914 has so vital a bearing upon the lives of every individual that many have come to regard the advance as unique in history. On the contrary, prices have been advancing for over a thousand years. Prices as revealed in old English chronicles might make one sigh as at a fairy tale, yet the economic conditions of those days were infinitely worse than at present.

No H.C.L. Then

In the middle of the 13th century, we read, eggs were two cents a dozen, a goose cost six cents and a hen two cents. Squabs were six cents a dozen, butter two cents a pound and beef half a cent a pound. Milk sold for two cents a gallon, cheese for one cent a pound.

A Cambridge student records that in 1626 he paid $1.91 for two pairs of shoes and repairs. Charlotte Bronte, the writer, in 1849 wrote to a friend: "I enclose a five-pound note ($25) and will thank you to buy a patent shower bath and such a boa and cuffs as you can get for the money." She received the articles and wrote thanking the friend as follows: "I have received the furs safely and like the sables very much" and asks the friend to buy herself a present with the change.

Incomes Low Too

In spite of the prices, however, it was just as hard to get the wherewithal to buy the articles as at present, for the incomes were equally small. From 1200 to 1800 A.D. the average wage for unskilled labor was eight cents a day. In fact, in 1347 wages had dropped to two cents a day for a long day's work, but after the great plague of the black death they advanced to five cents a day, continuing to advance until they reached fifty cents a day in 1800.

Thrift and Saving Always Win

The one thing which has remained constant has been the advantage of thrift and saving.

Andrew Carnegie said that a man is on the way to success if he can set aside regularly one dollar out of every five dollars earned.

Early Explorations by Adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Co.

Arranged by J. PREST, Associate Editor

From the "Conquest of the Great Northwest (Agnes C. Laut). The facts are authentic, having been compiled from old documents and memoirs from the Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company at Hudson's Bay House, London, England.

NOTHING lends more romantic coloring to the operations of the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company in those far distant days than the character of the men then in the service. They were adventurers pure and simple. Younger sons of English gentry rubbed shoulders with the uncouth Cockney apprentice, uncouth Orkney Islanders with the thick burr of the north in their accent, the iron will and strength of the north in their blood, had as bedfellows in the fort barracks soft-voiced English youths who had been outlawed for various dissipations and crimes. In other words, "remittance men" as we know them now.

As very often happened, this curious conglomeration of human beings was ruled with an absolute despotism. Frequently the factors in charge of trading posts at this time ruled with an iron hand—kings ruling over territory hundreds of square miles in extent.

Anthony Hendry Fared Inland

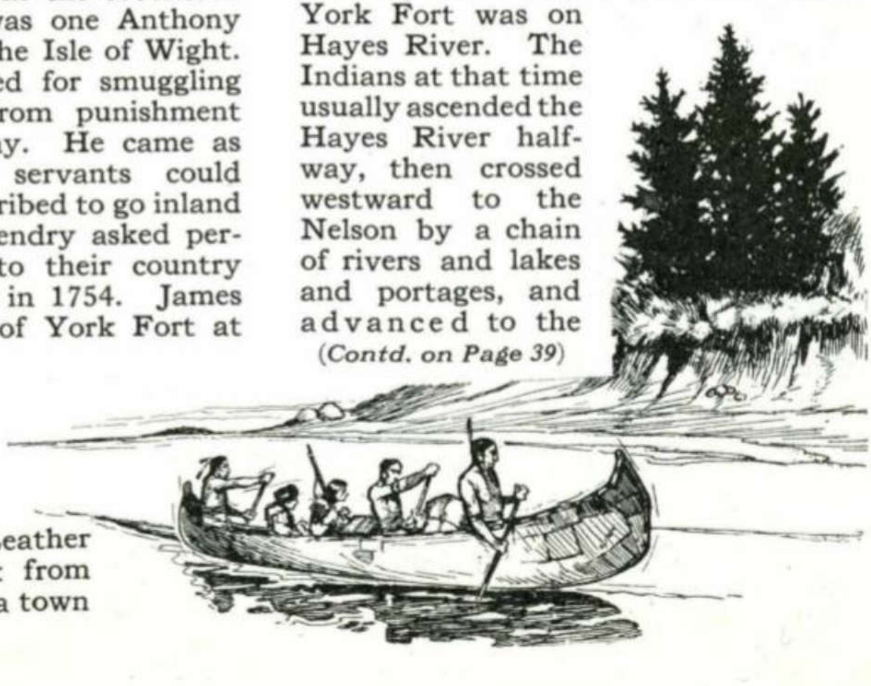
Among the "flotsam and jetsam" cast on Hudson Bay in the seventeen hundred and fifties was one Anthony Hendry, a boy from the Isle of Wight. He had been outlawed for smuggling and sought escape from punishment by service on the Bay. He came as bookkeeper. Other servants could scarcely be driven or bribed to go inland with the Indians. Hendry asked permission to go back to their country with the Assiniboines in 1754. James Isham was governor of York Fort at the time. He was only too glad to give Hendry permission.

Four hundred Assiniboines had come in canoes with their furs to the fort. Leather wigwams spread back from the Hayes River like a town of mushrooms. Canoes lay in hundreds, bottom-up on the beach, and where the reddish blue of the campfire curled up from the sands filling the evening air with the pungent smell of burning bark, Assiniboine voyageurs could be seen melting resin and tar, to gum the splits in the birch canoes. Hunters had exchanged their furs for guns and ammunition. Squaws had bartered their store of pemmican (buffalo) meat for gay gewgaws—red flannels and prints, colored beads, hand mirrors of tin—given at the wicket gate of the fort.

Obtained Indian Guide

Young Hendry joined the encampment, became acquainted with different leaders of the brigades, and finally secured an Assiniboine called Little Bear as a guide to the country of the Great Unknown River, where the French sent traders—the Saskatchewan. It was the end of June before the Indians were ready to break camp for the homeward voyage. One could ascend to the country of the Assiniboine by either Hayes River or Nelson. York Fort was on Hayes River. The Indians at that time usually ascended the Hayes River halfway, then crossed westward to the Nelson by a chain of rivers and lakes and portages, and advanced to the

(Contd. on Page 39)



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of Those in the Service of the
Hudson's Bay Company*

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"A Journal of Progress"

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Vol. I DECEMBER, 1920 No. 3

Greetings

We shall be wishing you Happiness, when this is read, not alone for the Yuletide Season, but throughout the New Year.

Oh Canada!

WHEN will your dreams of greatness come true? Is it more mills, mines, factories, capital, that Canada needs? *All that Canada needs is more people — millions more of good citizens.*

It is unfortunate that through false education Canada has been represented to many quarters of the world as a cold, wild country, with the consequent effect on immigration. This is being overcome by intelligently directed publicity of the Canadian Government, the great railways, Hudson's Bay Company and others.

It is unfortunate that the lure of a more glittering opportunity has drawn so many thousands of Canada's finest to the great country at the South. In New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis—leading bank men, retail store and other business men were or are Canadians.

Oh, Canada! You have needed these sons who went to help build up other countries. It is a good sign that some of them are coming back. It is encouraging to note the increasing tendency of U.S. farmers to take up land in Western Canada, contributing their capital and experience to the development of our agricultural areas and becoming citizens.

Oh, Canada—with your vast resources of natural wealth and climate you can become a great industrial nation, even the brightest jewel in the Empire's crown, if your able sons will devote their energies to making their own country an attractive place for a new and greater population.

Canada needs people. She has everything to draw them. True Enlightenment on Canada will largely increase the numbers that are coming.

How to Keep Well

A LITTLE girl innocently asked her grandfather, "Grandpa, when you go to bed at night, how do you sleep—with your whiskers *under* the covers or *outside* the covers"? The old gentleman couldn't answer, and when he retired that night he tried them outside for a while—couldn't endure it—and then he tried them *under* the covers. Finally, he became so worried that sleep deserted him, and for weeks his nightly rest was disturbed.

There are a thousand-and-one "How to Keep Well" systems, and everybody tries one or more of them eventually. Yet sickness is always with us.

The way to good health lies not in studying and worrying about how to keep well. To pick and choose foods, as if some were "mushrooms" and some "toadstools," to *fear* that a bit of specific victual is tantamount to a poison for one, to shrink and cower from drafts, wear chest protectors, and deliberately look for a deadly cold to follow slight wetting of the feet—is *not* keeping well wisely.

Be always *as unconscious of the body as "grandpa" was oblivious to his whiskers* and you're fairly safe from minor ills.

Work so hard—when working—that you'll forget to worry about having left the overshoes at home. Play so hard—

when recreating—that you can't even stop to wonder whether the appendix is sound.

Take a clean, healthy vigorous *interest* in daily life, and work and forget *yourself*.

Exercise some, if only a little *every* day in the *open air*. Don't run the risk of being compelled some time or other to "hike" a few miles over rough roads, or make some other ususual exertion, with the result that you'd be "muscle sore" and "staved up" for a week. Street cars and automobiles are wonderful inventions, but they are breeding a race of "weak legs" and "puny lungs."

Fresh air, moderate exercise (*regularly, not in spasms*), common sense in diet, and an unfailingly cheerful, optimistic mind, looking *out*, not *in*, comprise our only table of rules on "How to Keep Well."

Who Pays Salaries?

THOUGH the *immediate source* of salaries is the Company's treasury, the ultimate Paymaster for all is the Great Public. It is a comfortable thought to consider that public confidence in the Company which has been carrying on business during 250 years is an extra asset behind the pay check. But current receipts pay current salaries.

Wages and profits of today were yesterday in the pockets of the Public.

From day to day and year to year, the income of the Company (and its ability to pay salaries) is *governed by the extent and quality of its Service to the Public*. This Public is a hard taskmaster. It yields up no gold except in return for Service.

Mistake not. There's no "royal road" to greater profits or larger salaries. Service is the *only way*.

The Company's sum of Service to the Public is always the total of the Services rendered by each of its thousands of employees. For each individual of staff, therefore, the important thing is to increase the ability to SERVE. This *must* come first. Remuneration will take care of itself.

Moose Tracks

MOOSE tracks in new snow! Dainty hoof-prints of deer, curiously intermingled with trails of weasels in delicate tracery. Here and there, unmistakable "sign" of the lordly wapiti. Hunter's blood bounds. Big game is near.

Suddenly attention is fixed on a lone moose trail not sixty minutes' old, leading obliquely into the wind. Following the tracks, one notes where the quarry has slipped and slid on ourcropping of smooth rock. Just ahead, he has paused to nibble from young poplars, leaving slender branches bent and broken. In thick clumps of bush it is not easy to identify his next step. How does he slide through the tangle with that great antler-spread?

In a half-frozen muskeg, water has seeped into his tracks and is freezing. His high vaulting stride has carried him over a big log among the deadfall.

Emerging from a thicket, one steps incautiously upon dry twigs. Snap! The sound in the silence of the northland is like the report of a pistol.

There he is! See him raising his ungainly bulk in a grove of young balsam not two hundred yards ahead. Startled from his "siesta," muzzle in air, eyes popping, nostrils wide, he lurches away with stilt-like gait, headed for cover.

And if you are quick, and carry a good rifle, and don't get "buck fever," and keep cool and aim for a vital spot, and if you are *lucky*, you bring him down crashing like a riven giant of the forest.

We Wear No Muzzle

THE BEAVER is not controlled in its editorial policy as the mouthpiece of any particular interest. What we print is not dictated to us, in whole or in part. Conversely, *The Beaver* wears no muzzle. As the magazine of H.B.C. employees, we are entirely at liberty to give full, fair and just expression to the activities, views, hopes, desires and needs of H.B.C. staffs everywhere and to entertain, instruct and inform with history, biography and current discussion of the Company's record, ideals and plans.

For Inspiration—Not Coddling

OUR series of biographical sketches covering the business careers of higher officials and managers of the Company might easily be construed by the unthinking and the prejudiced mind to be just "pats on the back" for those concerned. Such could not be further from the truth. A story of success can scarcely fail to interest those in whom the last spark of ambition has not been extinguished. Our claim that there is unique opportunity for advancement in the Company's ranks is the more clearly demonstrated by these authentic cases of men who have "arrived" through giving their best to the Company's service. They should inspire us to personal progress.

Spirit of "The Service"

"THE strength of the wolf is the strength of the pack." Ever since the dawn of the "Corporation Age" in business, the position of the "one-man" concern, or even the partnership, has been a precarious one. To keep abreast of the times, organization is imperative.

But the mere machinery of big organization is a lifeless thing. The spirit must pervade the giant frame to make it purpose and move in unison, and strike out with common intent, instead of awkwardly, hulkily, hindering the operations of some of its own members—and slowing progress.

An unique spirit of loyalty and cooperation among the "Men of the Hudson's Bay" has ever infused the breath of life into an organization which covers half a continent. Before the railroads, the telegraph, the steamboat, and the Canadian factory came, the Company performed prodigious feats of transport and operated big business over a vast wild territory, *with incredible smoothness.*

The Company could not have done this without the *men* and they would have failed without the *spirit* of organization which linked them into unity.

How much greater should H.B.C. accomplishment be with "Fort Edmonton" but twenty-four hours away and "Fort Vancouver" but fifty-six; with computing machines, typewriters, telephones, motor trucks; with giant stores, and a staff of thousands!

Large proportions—mere framework—of big organization, modern mechanical equipment, capital, are as nothing without the *spirit* to energize the whole and cause the cogs to "mesh."

The spirit of old which animated "the men of the Hudson's Bay" is alive in 1920 and foretells a future for the Company undreamed of when Fort Garry's gate first framed a fur-trader.

H.B.C. Sports Champions

A SUCCESSFUL sports season was concluded this year at Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and at Winnipeg, where Company's tennis courts were available this year for the first time. In the cities mentioned, competitions resulted in local champions being chosen. The number of players among the staff and the extraordinary interest shown in the games justify us in pointing out the great popularity of sports with the staff throughout Western Canada.

It is thought that next year's competitions in these cities might be followed by a post-season, inter-departmental and inter-store tournament, to be played off, perhaps, at such a central point as Calgary. Winners in each classification from each city or department should settle on this occasion the momentous question, "Who are the sports champions of the Hudson's Bay Company?" A meeting of this kind is sure to be an event of national as well as Company interest. Sports enthusiasts who may have further suggestions along this line should communicate with us.

What Is Your Time Worth?

TEN thousand dollars working twenty-four hours a day is worth $500 a year at 5 per cent.—less than $10.00 a week or less than $1.43 a day. A man who earns $20 a week is therefore better off than a man who is idle but who has $20,000 working for him in the bank. The man who earns $2500 a year has an earning capacity equal to an investment of $50,000. His "brain capitalization" is $50,000.

Forty Years in Service of the Hudson's Bay Company Inland

By N. M. W. J. McKENZIE

Editor's Note—Mr. McKenzie, now retired, entered the Company's service as a carpenter in 1876; sailed from Stromness, Orkney Islands, for Red River via Quebec, Chicago and Minnesota; thence to Fort Ellice. He served thirty years in the Saskatchewan District. In 1909-10 he was inspecting officer in the Peace River and Athabasca Districts; in 1910 was appointed District Manager of Lake Huron District, then of Lake Superior District; and in 1914 was placed in charge of all Eastern Districts, with headquarters at Winnipeg and Montreal. Mr. McKenzie retired from the Service in 1916 after 40 years in the H.B.C. Fur Trade.

FROM my earliest boyhood I have remembered the annual arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships at Stromness in the Orkney Islands. It was the great event of every year. They had made this annual visit since 1670, generally three of them, full rigged sailing ships. They came directly from London, laden for Hudson Bay. They usually stayed for a couple of weeks, in order to pick up all the young men who had been engaged by the Company under five-year contracts for service in North America.

Young Recruits for H.B.C. Service

These young men were assembled prior to the arrival of the ships. They came from the highlands of Scotland, and the Orkney, Shetland, and Lewis Islands. One ship was bound for Labrador, one for York Factory and one for Moose Factory. Each ship carried its own quota for its own port of destination. The Company always obtained their men from these islands, as the men had proved to be the best for the service in North America. However, they had to pass a rigorous medical examination before they were engaged, and only the physically fit, under severe tests, were accepted. They were required to be between the ages of 18 and 25 years, and were classified as clerks, carpenters, boatbuilders, blacksmiths, coopers, tinsmiths, sloopers and labourers. All had a chance of promotion in the service in accordance with their demonstrated capacity and ability in the service.

Gaiety Before Ships' Departure

All the ships took on cargo at Stromness, also any parcels or boxes from parents or friends of any of the men who had gone out into the service previously.

The captains and officers of the ships held high carnival during their stay, having parties on board and parties ashore, dancing every night; but still, for all this gaiety there were many tears shed by fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and sweethearts when the hour of parting came, as many knew they were parting forever.

There was always a salute fired from our shore battery of 32 pounders—seven shots for each ship on their arrival and departure. The ships responded with an equal number of shots. They sailed out Hoy sound with the ebb tide and passed within 75 yards of the battery, the whole population assembled, and cheering them good luck, as only the islanders can cheer.

Shipped Out as Carpenter

My turn came in 1876, but I did not come out by the Company's ship. Before the ships arrived at Stromness that year a telegram was received by the Company's agent to forward three carpenters and three blacksmiths by express to Quebec. So the agent picked six of us who were full-fledged journey-men, and went to Glasgow with us, where we just made connection with an Allan Line steamer, the Parisian. We had a rough trip part of the way, and it took her twelve days to land us at Point Levi. The Company's agent there informed us that we were to report for duty at Fort Garry, and shipped us up to Montreal on a fast river boat.

From Montreal Overland to Red River

Montreal being the Company's headquarters in Canada at that time, we were outfitted with blankets and other necessary articles for our inland journey. The officer in charge at Montreal gave us some letters for Fort Garry, and supplied us with sufficient transportation funds. He saw us to the station and on the right train. We were off for the west, crossing the international boundary at Sarnia, and passed through the States by several lines of transport. We reached the Red River somewhere in Minnesota, where we took passage on a disreputable looking barge, loaded with goods to full capacity. She steamed and floated down the river, until we finally arrived at Fort Garry gate, twenty-two days after leaving Quebec.

Chief Factor McTavish met us. I handed him our Montreal letters. He thanked us and said that he had been expecting us for several days; then turning to one of his clerks he said, "John, take these gentlemen to the men's quarters, and see that they are comfortably settled." Then turning to us he said, "You will all report in the morning at my office at 9 o'clock sharp, when I will give you further instructions." As far as I know we were the first batch of men that had come through by this route to Fort Garry from the Old Country, and were consequently the centre of interest for those seeking news.

Indian Yarns at Fort Garry

We did not get much sleep that night, as they were all boys from the Old Country (about thirty of them) anxious to hear the news from their native land. They also swapped yarns with us about their experiences en route from York Factory by York boats to Fort Garry. We were "greenhorns," a name applied to men during their first year in the service. They filled us up with weird stories about Indians, scalps and all kinds of thrilling adventures. Of course the rebellion of 1870 was still fresh in their memories, and we got the whole story that night, about all the murders, shooting and hairbreadth escapes they had all witnessed, told for our special benefit. This was our initiation ceremony on our first night at Fort Garry.

Sharp at 9 a.m., we entered the Chief Factor's office, caps in hand and heads erect. "Good morning, boys," said he, quite affably, and then without further parley, "Two of you will remain here for duty, the other four will proceed to Fort Ellice with the cart brigades that are now loaded and will start this afternoon. Murdoch McDonald, who is in charge of the brigade will now take charge of you, and will take you to the store where you can get anything you may require for your personal use during the trip. This will be charged to your private accounts." I was one of the four ordered to Fort Ellice. The Factor shook hands with the four of us, said good-bye, also that he hoped we would like the country, and become good and faithful servants of the Company.

Via the Creaking Cart Route to Ft. Ellice

Scores of Red River carts, drawn by oxen, were starting out that day, loaded with from eight to ten hundred pounds of general merchandise. Some of the "brigades" were bound for Fort Ellice, others for Fort Pelly, Qu'Appelle, Edmonton, and Prince Albert. This was at the time of the opening of the new inland freight route.

It was raining. I had never seen so much mud. The trail was right down the present Main street of Winnipeg. We could see oxen mired, carts sunk down to the axles and men down to their hips trying to get the carts out. It surely was a mess. The whoops and yells of the drivers and the whole scene of confusion were something new to us.

Our "brigade" started about four in the afternoon. We got as far as the point where the City Hall now stands and camped for the night. Only horns of some of our oxen could be seen sticking above the mud. Murdoch was directing his men and swearing at them in Gaelic and other tongues we did not understand. All of them were plastered

(*Continued on Page 32*)

Amundsen Plans to Drift Across the Pole

Specially Constructed Ship Will Defy Crushing Ice Fields—May Take 5 Years to Make Trip

By C. H. FRENCH

District Manager for B.C.

Captain Amundsen (second from the left) and his Crew aboard the "Maud" at Nome, Alaska.

IN 1918, Capt. Raold Amundsen left Christiania, Norway, for the purpose of drifting over the North Pole from the Western Arctic side.

His idea was to enter the ice and make the drift in three years, but three years has already passed, and he has not yet been able to enter the ice, and when he does enter, it will take him five years to make the drift.

His ship was specially constructed for the undertaking, and is 120 feet long and 40 feet wide with 14 feet draft. I noticed that she is three-quarters as wide as she is long. The shape of her bottom is something like a saucer, so that when the ice tries to pinch her it slips underneath, pushing her entirely out of the water, on top of the ice.

In my experience I have never boarded a boat that can roll as many ways, and as "fast and furious" as she can in spite of having 26 fuel tanks in her bottom to act as ballast.

She has three masts and good sail power, besides a 240-horse power Bolander Deisel engine, with a two-blade propeller like an airplane. There is a well in her stern into which this propeller can be stowed away, thereby eliminating any chance of the ice carrying it away.

I talked with Captain Amundsen at Nome during August last. He appears about 55 years old, but really is only 47

While at Nome three of the crew left and when the "Maud" sailed she had besides Capt. Amundsen three other whites and one Indian woman to make reindeer clothes, as it is only these clothes that are used. The plans were to go to North Cape and take on several more Eskimos, but the last account I had was that his ship was caught in the ice south of North Cape, and he would have to remain there for the Winter, unless southerly gales opened up the way to the north so as to allow him to reach the real Arctic ice.

Amundsen has always had drifting over the North Pole as a hobby. I heard him say that his negotiation of the northwest passage in 1906 was not foreseen as his plans were then to drift over the Pole, but did not enter at the right spot so was carried through the northwest passage in error.

He has now completely circumvented the North Pole inside the Arctic circle, and is the only living explorer who has accomplished this.

Special For February

BABY
NUMBER

PRESENTING in an attractive display right smack across the centerspread or "backbone" of *The Beaver* a fine gallery of "bouncing babies" born to proud fathers in the H.B.C. service during 1919 and 1920.

Let *The Beaver* have baby's best photo for this very special number. When he grows up and perhaps follows father's footsteps into "the service," he will treasure this issue of *The Beaver*. Or, if it's a girl, send her picture. No discrimination is implied. Write baby's name, age and weight on back of photo and full name and address of sender. Don't put it off. The date is being advanced to enable far-off points to get their pictures to us. Any son or daughter (two years or younger) of an H.B.C. employee is eligible.

SEND PHOTO TODAY!

"Skippering a Scow" on the Athabasca

Adventures of an H.B.C. Inspector on the "McPherson Route" Before Railway and Steamboat Went North

By N. A. HOWLAND

THERE are many in "the service" who have not forgotten the time when the only means of travel north of Athabasca Landing in Summer was by scow transport on the Athabasca River.

Now that one may travel by train and steamer, more or less comfortably, clear to the Arctic ocean, a description of the last journey made down the river by scow—the season following that when the Company switched their McKenzie River freight over to the Peace River route—may be of interest.

The writer received orders to go to the city of Athabasca Landing to embark for Fort Chipewyan. The intention was that he should, en route, pick up the Company's portable property left on the Grand Rapids Island, including the tramway itself, and leave the equipment at Fort McMurray.

The manager at Athabasca Landing having already procured a scow, it only remained for me to hire a crew and stow necessary stores. There was no freight except two canoes for the R.N.W.M.P. going down.

Collecting a Crew

It was possible to secure the services of one Louison House as steersman, then reputed to be the best on the river (so he proved later), and two others, Billy and Harry, boatman and cook respectively. My troubles began from the time of hiring these gentlemen; as a matter of fact from the initial cash advance necessary to secure their services.

The old Grand View Hotel in those halcyon pre-prohibition days was a magnet to the joyous voyageur with a dollar or two in his pocket. It was a hopeless business trying to collect the crew whilst any money amongst them remained to be spent, so I camped aboard and waited patiently until the thing worked out of itself. About four in the afternoon, the cook and steersman hove in sight.

I instructed them to remain with the scow and be ready to cast off as soon as I should return with the recalcitrant boatman. Fond hope! how soon to be dissipated. Setting out toward the haunt of Thirsty Souls to lead the errant one away from the source of joy and big heads, I went directly to the place where I suspected he might be found. True to expectation, there he was, anchored to the bar. The task before me was a difficult and delicate one, to pry a man loose from such a hold and under such circumstances.

After gently persuading him to the door he repeatedly requested to be allowed to return, as he had not said good-bye to a brother or friend. Back he would go into the crowd surrounding the fount of joy. Finally, to my intense relief, his stock of friends gave out; all his money was spent, so he allowed himself to be conducted to the scow, somewhat dazed but still loquacious.

The prospect of an immediate departure seemed good, but when we had at last staggered as far as our craft, alas and alack, the remainder of the crew had vanished. At last Louison hove into sight; then the cook; and we cut the scow adrift at 6 p.m.

We Get Under Way

My troubles were not yet over; to be solely responsible for the keeping of three men considerably under the "influence" quite effectively robbed me of my sleep; the boatman was in danger of toppling overboard every minute until robbed of consciousness. Towards daylight I sank into a troubled sleep.

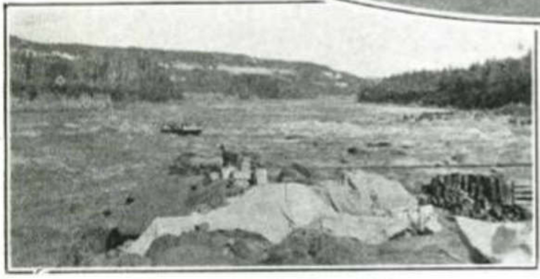
A Comfort Lost and Regained

We arrived at Calling River some time during the following evening, having drifted all the previous night. We discovered on going through our stock of provisions soon after we were fairly on the way, that our order for tobacco had not been filled, and as my pouch was soon emptied by the faithful crew we were in a sore plight before reaching this point.

Going ashore, however, I found that a surveyor was making his base of supplies nearby. When he heard what had happened, he pressed on me a half-pound tin of "*Imperial Mixture*" out of his small stock. Truly, there are some Good Samaritans still left in the world! He would not even accept payment for the "priceless stuff."

Tug Ahoy! Respite for Billy

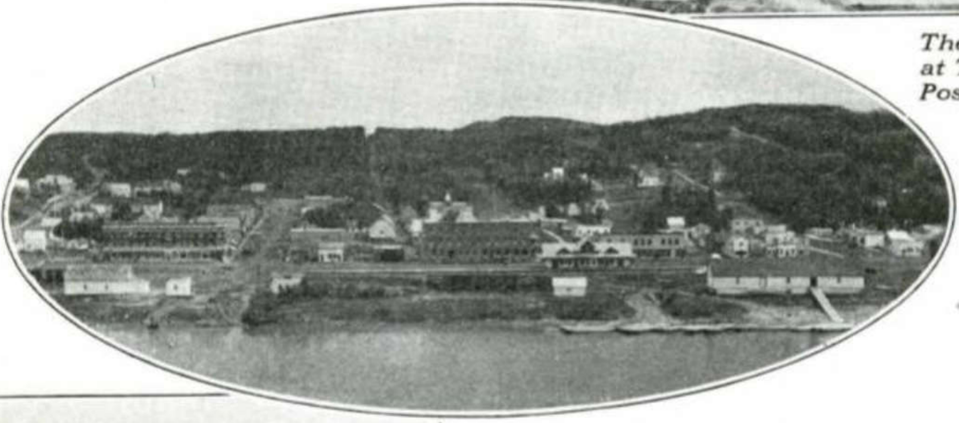
There was some difficulty in getting away from this place also, it being the home of Billy; but we made a rather late start next morning. During the afternoon we were unexpectedly overtaken by Capt. Barber in his tug "Crester" towing numerous scows full of men. The captain proved to be another Samaritan, for he had not gone far before we heard a hail asking us if we wanted a tow. Billy answered for me. He was not averse to a lift, for he could then vary the monotony of *not working* by swapping yarns with one who had not had a chance of getting tired of his jokes.


A Scow in the Rapids

The tug put about and soon we were lashed alongside her and making much better time. On board were Jim Cornwall and Duncan McArthur, brother of the great "J. D.," taking down about two hundred railway workers to start on the grading of the A. & G.W. Railway from the McMurray end. That night we camped at the Pelican gas well. The strangers were deeply interested in the tremendous jet of flame that is thrown high in the air on ignition, the roar of which can be heard a mile away in that land of silence.

We reached Grand Rapids about 4 o'clock the following afternoon. Everything in connection with our consort and his party was chaos; it seemed as though the roar of the rapids had entered the very beings of the crowd of laborers and shaken their nerves. They added their lamentations to the noise of rushing water. An approximation of calm was at length restored. After a final yell which greeted the "cookhouse call," nothing could be heard save the swirling torrent and the *peacful sound of munching jaws.*

The Crew at Their Posts


View as We Left Athabasca Landing

A Narrow Squeak Through the Rapids

Meanwhile the boatmen had attempted to run two of the scows through the rapids. The general confusion of a short time before must have spread to them since neither boat went through in very good style, one being hung up on a rock out in mid-stream for half an hour, finishing her course

(*Continued on Page 33*)

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HAUNTS OF CANADA'S FUR-BEARING ANIMALS

I.

THE BEAVER

THE beaver has not learned the trick of felling a tree in any given way, but has learned that it will fall the way it leans. The tree is cut round and round and when about finished the cut looks like an hour glass. He has also learned that if the trees he wants are not close enough to fall into the water then he must select some spot on a hillside where it will be easy for him to drag it to the water. He has also learned that not only his house, but his food supply, should be below, or he should cut everything he wants above his house so that it will be easily floated down to where he wants it.

Beaver work only at nights. Their food is of a vegetable nature, such as cottonwood trees, willows and alders. He is specially fond of the white berries that grow on the swamp dogwood. Large numbers of these trees are cut down by beaver just for the berries alone.

The Beaver's Method of Operating

Beaver have two chisel-like teeth in both upper and lower jaws. These teeth are at least three inches long and curved, giving great power, which, combined with the keen edge, enables them to cut down trees of large size in a very short time, going round and round until the tree falls.

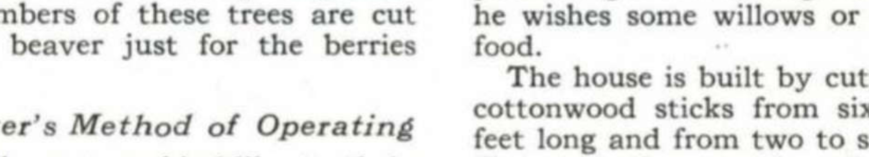
Their mode of cutting is interesting, because it is exactly on the same principle as man does the work. The chip is cut at both ends then pried out. Chips at least one foot long, taken out in this way have been seen. Its ability to cut trees down enables it to soon gather structural material for necessary dams. A dam is built for the purpose, not so much of raising the water, but for holding it at the one level. Beaver inhabit mostly flat places and their houses are built right on the edge of a low bank where the water is not over two feet deep. A large amount of mud is used, which is taken from the bottom of the pond or the bottom of a trench he has to build to allow him to pass from the deep water in his pond to his house. The trench is at least two feet deep and as long as is necessary so as not to freeze during the winter. He knows exactly how deep it will freeze, because he has faith in his dam and faith in his ability to keep his dam in repair.

An Expert Trench Maker

There are two trenches built. One is to the house and the other is just a few feet away to a place in the bank used during open water, and in the winter as a place to eat his food and a place to get out through the ice when he wishes some willows or other fresh food.

The house is built by cutting mostly cottonwood sticks from six to twelve feet long and from two to six inches in diameter, then putting them in the water and floating them down to the proposed dwelling site. The size of the wood cut is regulated by the size the beaver is able to handle. If the stick is six inches through, then it may be only four feet long, but on the other hand if it is only two inches through it may be as long as twelve feet.

The sticks are piled up apparently in a haphazard way, but the mud taken from the trench on the beaver's tail is depended on to fill in all holes. The top resembles, somewhat, the beehives of earlier times. The main part of house is built entirely on the top of the bank and the next job is



to take out through the already constructed tunnel the part of the bank between the end of the tunnel and the centre of the house, after which the beaver commences to eat out the whole centre of the pile of sticks and mud he has piled up. He eats straight up for a space, then in towards the land so that when he is through he has a nest made on top of the bank above the water quite dry and comfortable. Its size depends on how many beaver are to occupy the house. Some houses are large enough to accommodate as many as fifteen—others again are only built for say five beaver.

Bank beaver build their homes just as do the pond beaver, but on account of the water being deeper in large rivers the length of tunnel required is not so long as that required in ponds. The most of the material used in the house construction is green and fit for food, so that if through any cause the supply of food stored is not sufficient to last over the winter, then the wood used in the house can be eaten.

When the water is frozen over and the ground covered with snow in the winter the hunter would have great difficulty in finding beaver houses, were it not that the heat from their bodies causes the snow to melt from the top of the house, and from a great distance one may see the steam rising through the frosty air. The next difficulty is to locate the tunnel or entrance to the house, and as the ice is frozen to the ground, excepting where the tunnel is, all the hunter has to do is to sound along until he strikes

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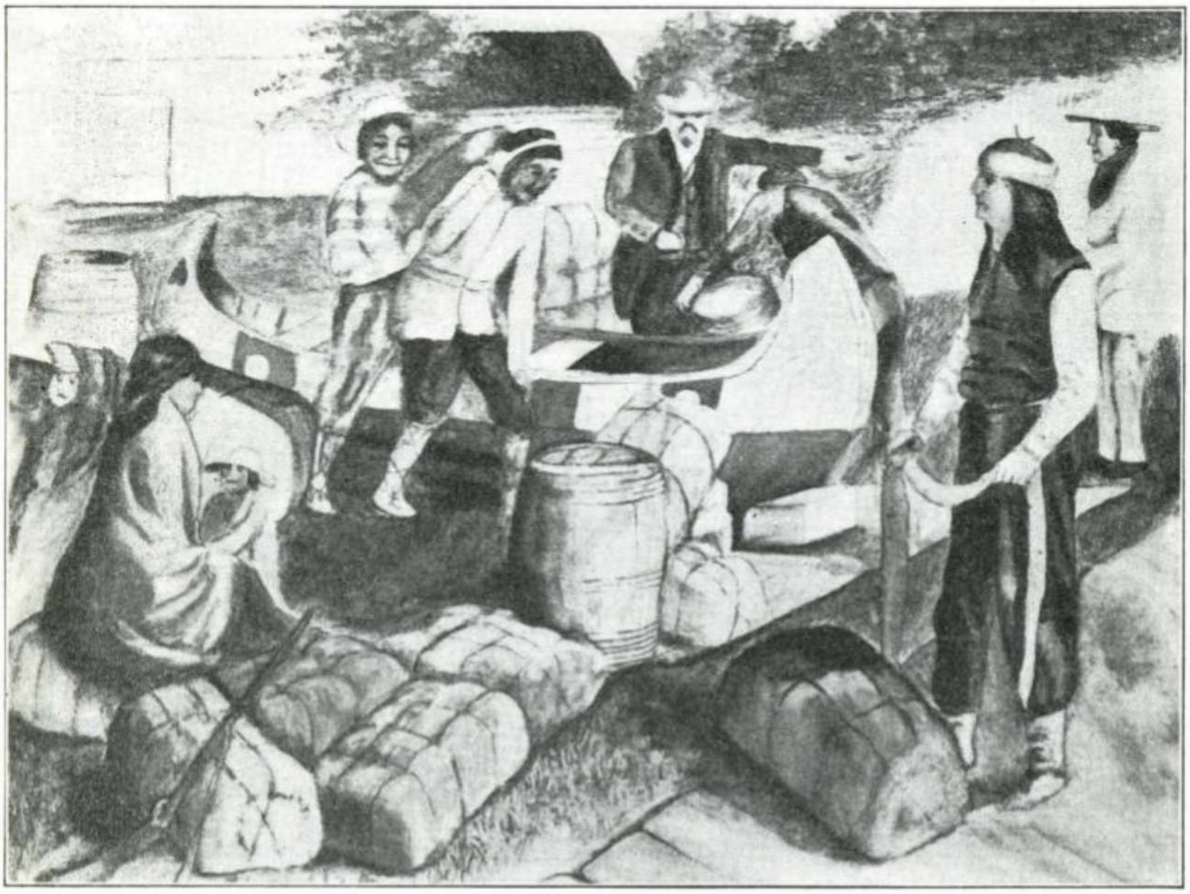


"A HUDSON'S BAY PORTAGE"

From Watercolor Sketch by Mrs. W. E. Anderson

THE BEAVER is indebted to Mrs. W. E. Anderson, of Portage la Prairie, Man., for the above drawing which pictures an H.B.C. Portage of long ago. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson own one of the most extensive museums of Indian and Eskimo relics in Canada. Mrs. Anderson is particularly interested in the history of Western Canada, and is displaying great talent, for a beginner, in watercolor painting of historical subjects—Red River Scenes and Indian Chiefs of the West.

The Rise of H.B.C. Vancouver Retail Establishment

Development from "Corner Grocery" to Magnificent Department Store During Thirty-Three Years.

By H. T. LOCKYER

THOUGH the operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway to tidewater was brought about in July, 1886, it was not until May, 1887, that the line was extended from Port Moody to Vancouver, and the first through train was brought into the new Pacific seaport. At that time "The City of the Lion's Gate" consisted principally of two streets along the waterfront, with glorious real estate possibilities.

All the stores and places of business were confined to Cordova and Water Streets, and it must be admitted that, under "places of business," saloons largely predominated; with real estate offices a good second; *mercantile stores a poor third.*

First H.B.C. Vancouver Store

The Hudson's Bay Company commenced construction of its somewhat unpretentious establishment on Cordova Street West in the latter part of 1886, and on January 17th, 1887, the store was opened for business under the management of Mr. Geo. W. Weeks. The building was constructed of wood, one storey high, with frontage of 50 feet on Cordova Street and a depth of 75 feet.

The business was confined to two lines, viz., groceries and provisions.

In 1890 the late Mr. Charles W. Robson succeeded Mr. Weeks as manager, and the Company established a branch store in the Crewe Block on Granville Street, with general dry goods, men's furnishings, carpet and dressmaking departments.

Into New Premises, 1892

In the Spring of 1892 the Company commenced construction of what was then known as the "New Store" at the corner of Granville and Georgia Streets, diagonally opposite the Hotel Vancouver and immediately opposite the Donald A Smith Block.

The retail business in Vancouver (even in 1892) was still mostly confined to Cordova and Water Streets; there was, however (principally through Canadian Pacific influences), a strong effort being made to create Granville Street as the main business artery.

In May, 1893, Mr. Jas. Thomson (late fur trade and land commissioner), was transferred from Calgary to Vancouver to succeed the late Mr. Robson as manager, and on September 21st the store was opened for business. The building was constructed of red brick and stone, four storeys high with basement.

On 1st June, 1896, Mr. Thomson was transferred to the management of the Company's wholesale business at Victoria, and Mr. H. T. Lockyer, the present general manager for the Company at Vancouver retail, was appointed to succeed Mr. Thomson.

The Stirring Times of '98

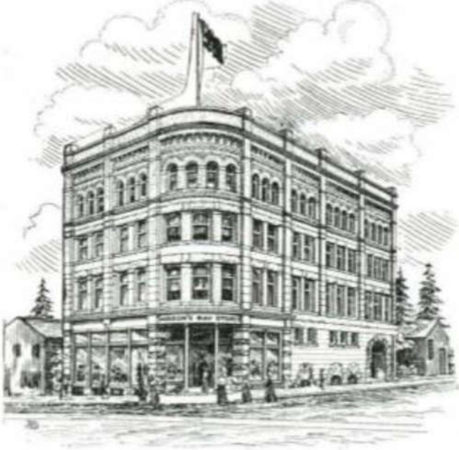
The news of big placer mining discoveries in the Klondike in the Summer of 1897 resulted in a considerable number of prospectors setting out for the new Eldorado in the Autumn of that year, but it was not until the Spring of 1898 that the "Klondike rush" was on in real earnest. From all over the world men flocked to Vancouver, the starting and outfitting point for the new goldfields, and the Company, both in the Granville Street store and the Water Street warehouse, did a large business in both fitting out prospectors and supplying provisions and mining equipment to larger parties and companies. There are some who say that "the Klondike placed Vancouver on the map," and it must be admitted that the northern development helped materially towards Vancouver's early prosperity.

Store Extensions

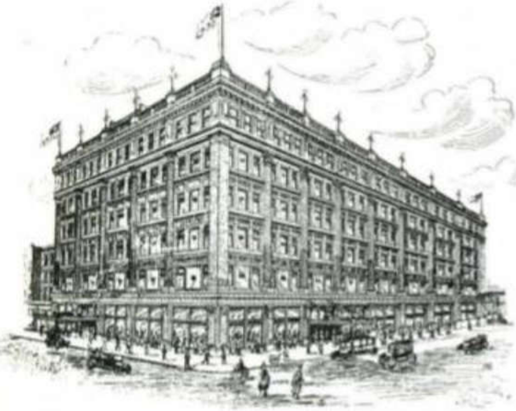
The Company's business had increased to the point where it was impossible to handle it in the existing premises, so in the Spring of 1899 an addition of 50 feet by 120 feet was constructed, making the store then about double the size of the original building. The new structure conformed in every way with the building erected in 1893, and was ready for business by the early part of November. The Company now handled groceries, staple and fancy dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing and men's furnishings, millinery, mantles and suits, carpets and draperies. Dressmaking and upholstery departments were also operated; in fact a miniature departmental store, and, of course, the forerunner of the present establishment.

The Company's business continued to grow at such a rate that, even with the increased room afforded by the latest addition to the premises, it was soon seen that further space was required. In 1905, an additional 25 feet frontage on Granville Street was purchased and an extension made to conform with the other portion of the building.

Provision for the Future

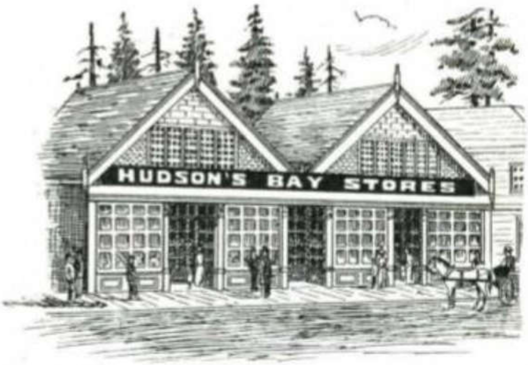


The "New Store," 1892, at Granville and Georgia Sts.



The Final Achievement—A Community Under One Roof

It might be interesting here to state that part of the property the Company's new store stands on was purchased as far back as 1898, the land having been unoccupied a number of years. The property was enclosed with a high fence, graded and seeded, and was used as a paddock for the Company's horses when they were resting after a week on the hard pavements of the city. All of the Company's deliveries were then made by horse and wagon. Motor vehicles were in their infancy. Today, horse vehicles have been completely abandoned, the delivery equipment of Vancouver retail being made up altogether of motor vehicles.



First H. B. C. Vancouver Store, Cordova St., 1887

Beginning of New Addition

Early in the Spring of 1912 plans were completed for the erecting and equipment of a modern departmental store on the vacant Georgia - Seymour St. property, it being the intention to tear down the old store immediately the first unit had been completed. However, due to difficulty in securing some additional property, and some complicated legal proceedings in connection with the closure of the intervening lane, actual building operations were not commenced until the Spring of 1913, the excavating for the two basements being spread well into the Summer months.

Description of 1920 Store

The modern store building presents a very handsome appearance, with fronts of cream terra-cotta and high Corinthian columns. The structure itself is of reinforced concrete, six storeys high. The foundation and main pillars are sufficiently heavy to carry an additional four storeys.

The interior of the store presents a very handsome appearance, the fixtures being constructed of light mahogany, and the walls and columns tinted in a light buff shade.

The Vancouver store of 1920 is a complete establishment in itself, with forty-seven separate departments, embracing everything from an embroidery needle or a silk dress down to a roast of beef or a kitchen stove. A large restaurant and cafeteria are operated on the premises and nearly half a million meals are served to customers annually. The Company operates its own electric light plant and power plant for elevators. The store is independent of any public utility except the city water supply. It is a great community under one roof.

LOST!

A True Story of The Okanagan Valley

By ROBERT WATSON

THERE is an old ballad the chorus of which runs: "We won't be home till morning, and then we won't be home." In my salad days I had an idea that this was a comic song, but that has changed with recent experiences.

Before daylight, one Sunday morning in November, three "deer-slayers," comprising Mr. Pout, the manager of H.B.C. Vernon store; Mr. Mayes, of the grocery department, and myself, the accountant, started out for Creighton Valley, then up on the hills in the direction of Harris Plateau. We left the car, foodstuffs and gingerbeer a few miles up the trail from Hadley's Ranch, expecting to be back with our deer in a few hours. Mayes was in possession of two compasses, one for taking you there and the other for bringing you back. He gave me one of them, the one "for taking you there," and we experienced no difficulty on our outward journey in consequence. He wisely kept to himself the one "for bringing you back."

Later on, he heard a deer "growling" down in the gully somewhere and went off in pursuit of it, the compass for "bringing you back" still in his possession, with the result that Mr. Pout and I had to take our bearings from the moss on the trees, the scudding clouds and the look of consternation on each other's faces. Not being what one would term "woodsmen," and every hill seemingly exactly the same as its neighbour, it was only natural that we should get lost.

We followed a perfectly good trail in absolutely childlike faith, right down to a creek, but, as we knew we had not crossed that creek on our outward trek, we followed the trail up again by another route. It was a cattle trail and it ultimately ended in nothing. Then to our delight we found another one and followed it. Soon it developed into a sort of game—find a trail, follow it, lose it and find another. After several hours of this it began to get dark and we were "far from home." We fired off all our superfluous ammunition and hollered until our tongues were sticking out. As the darkness began to gather in on us, we knew we would have to make a night of it, so we got to thinking enviously of "the ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." There was no fold for us that night, for we were completely lost on the hills, without covering and without food or water; without even a "billycan."

In trying to step on a piece of earth that wasn't there, Mr. Pout stumbled over a log, bumped his head and his leg with such telling effect that he lay stunned for quite a long time. I tried everything to bring him round without avail, until I got hit with a happy thought. I commenced to rifle his pockets. That did it. He came to immediately.

It was a balmy sort of night at the beginning. We started in to collect pine needles for a bed at the foot of a tree. We built a teepee with sticks and pine branches, then we got a fire going. We worked furiously, collecting logs and dead tree limbs, until we had a large stock on hand "for next outfit."

Just before crawling under cover, through force of habit, we took an inventory of our possessions. Mr. Pout had half a dog biscuit, in crumbs (fixed price goods), a bone trouser button (with which we might have made some kind of soup had we had that "billycan") and a corkscrew (no value). I had two crusts of bread, a pocket knife and a copy of "The Shorter Catechism." We pooled the food, wrapping it up carefully for one grand final repast in the morning—should we ever see it. Suddenly I remembered that I had given Mr. Pout half of a five-cent bar of chocolate in the afternoon and I also remembered that he had not eaten it. I immediately accused him of "hoarding." He went through all his pockets, but failed to find the hidden treasure. Lost! A whole half five-cent bar of chocolate. It was almost too much for our already overstrung nerves. I wept silently and Mr. Pout gave a little hysterical laugh. Then we frantically tore the tepee to pieces and commenced a diligent search. Finally we discovered it hidden among the pine needles of our bed, covered with dirt and stuff. We rescued it and put it carefully away, without wiping it, lest in so doing we might wipe some of the chocolate off with the dirt.

We readjusted the tepee and crawled in for shelter. Then it commenced to snow. I managed to get completely under the tepee, but Mr. Pout, having longer legs, was like the ostrich, his head and shoulders were covered and the rest defying the heavens.

Oh that snow! As we lay shuddering, we spoke lovingly to each other of our wives and children at home. The snuffling "woof, woof" of a prowling bear did not lessen our dismal thoughts. In the distance, down in the gulley, we could hear at intervals the high-pitched cat-shriek of a cougar. (Next day, we discovered that this was not a cougar, but Hugh Mayes hallooing to us from the car). As time wore on, our timidity increased and we grasped our guns, for we knew that at any moment we were liable to be savagely attacked by marauding bands of squirrels, out in search of "nuts."

Disturbing thoughts of MacSweeney and those other Irish patriots came to us. We could picture ourselves getting thinner and more gaunt day by day until at last we should dissolve altogether. We saw, as in a vision, our widowed wives taking in washing for a living.

Dawn broke at last—but still no help. Would they never come? We shook ourselves, ate about three gallons of snow for breakfast, then left a pathetic farewell message pinned to a tree and started out across the snow, in an endeavour to retrace our steps and get back to where we had parted from Mayes the afternoon before. The sky was dark and foreboding. The snow was falling softly everywhere. The hills and the valleys were crowned and filled with great cloud drifts, and

PRIZE CONTEST

Open to All Members of All H.B.C. Staffs

$10 FOR BEST LETTERS

WITH few of us was the initiation to business life like a "bed of roses." Though "captains of industry" have received the greater share of publicity with regard to the vicissitudes of their early start, it is not they, necessarily, whose first struggles in life were more interesting or romantic than those of many never listed in Bradstreet's or the Blue Book.

***The Beaver* will pay $10 for the best letters from those serving the Hudson's Bay Company, dealing with the subject**

"HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR"

(or *shilling* as the case may be). No letter may be over 200 words in length. The character of the incident or circumstances will be considered by the judges to be equally as important as language or style. Please write on one side of the paper only and send directly to the editor, being sure to put your name, title, department, establishment and address at the bottom. *Letters must relate only actual facts.* Awards will made as follows:

For best letter	*$5 cash*
For second letter	*$3 cash*
For third letter	*$2 cash*

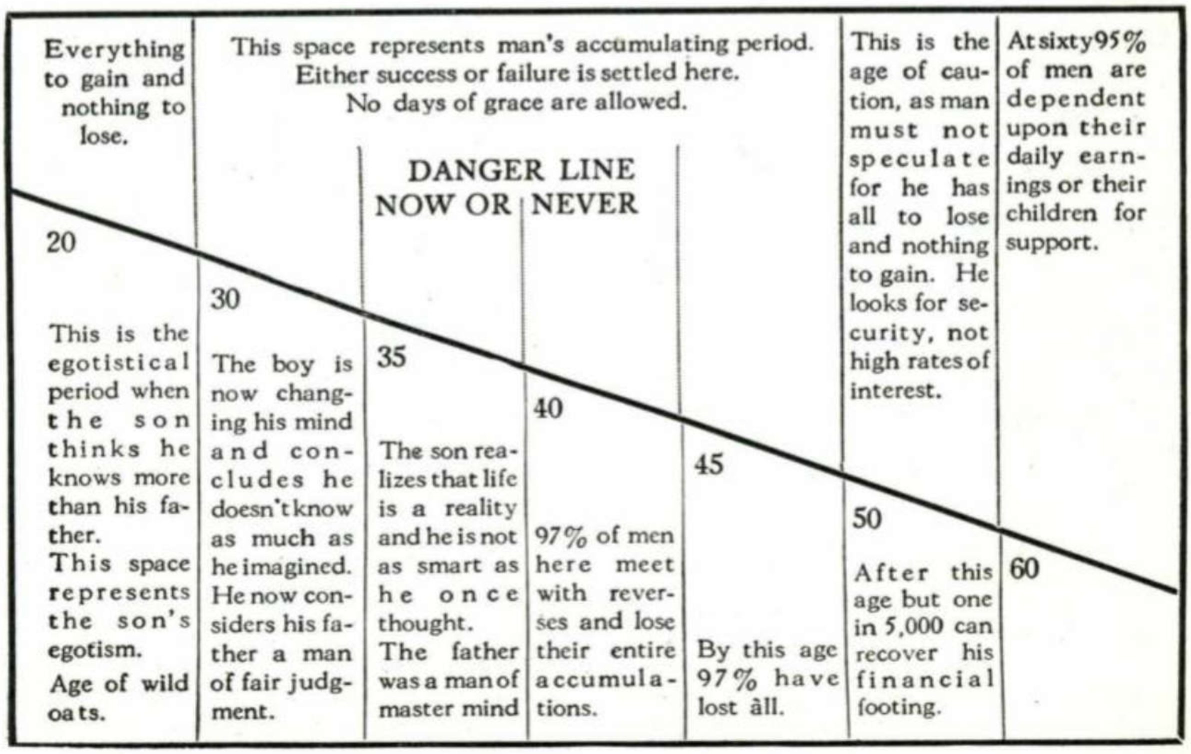
The first five best letters will be published, with writers' permission, in the next ensuing issue of *The Beaver*. All replies must be *postmarked not later than noon Feb. 1st.* This should allow sufficient time for contributions from all but the most distant fur trade posts as well as other establishments. Results to be published and awards made as soon thereafter as possible. Get busy now! Tell us your story. You may have had the winning experience. But remember, *contest closes at noon sharp, February 1st, 1921.*

the hopelessness of it struck terror into the heart of the bravest. (I maintain that the braver of the two was myself. Mr. Pout, of course, still feels it was he.) After several hours treking over useless trails, we found ourselves on the top of a plateau and more hopelessly lost than ever. Our compass showed us North, South, East and West, but it absolutely refused to tell us which way we should go. That is the worst of the cheap style of compass that Mayes carries—for his friends.

We were sitting down, contemplating suicide, when some wild inspiration—which only comes to one man in a thousand and to that man only once in a thousand years—came to Mr. Pout. He raised his voice and shouted for help, and, oh, joy of joys!—away across the gully on the mountain opposite, we heard a voice in reply. Then both of us shouted and fired our guns, gobbled our crusts of bread, our half dog biscuit and half a bar of chocolate, and finally hung round each other's necks in a delirium of delight. Pictures of roast beef, hot potatoes, pie and near beer rushed before our eyes. We rolled down the plateau into the arms of our preservers—two deer hunters like ourselves, only they were not lost. They presented us each with an apple—number fifteen scrub variety—but they went down—skin, pip, seeds, stem and everything, and no Okanagan apple ever tasted half so sweet and good.

But, if we thought we were out of our troubles, we were a little premature, for our gallant rescuers, breaking trail for us, got lost themselves and, after considerable detour, landed us back at our place of encampment of the previous night. Well, there was nothing for it. Back over our old tracks we went—feeling as the Hebrews must have felt on their forty years' journey through the wilderness—and fearing that we would be bearded and grey old men, that many Christmasses would have come and gone, that our children would be grown up and Vernon would be a great city of a million inhabitants and the seat of Dominion parliament ere we got back home. It was only the thought of a good square meal at the end of it all that kept us going, and the first of a number of search parties—in the form of Hugh Mayes—came on us and gently lead us to a place of safety, then soon we were at Hadley's Ranch partaking of the hospitality of the kindly lady of the house and narrating our adventures like sourdoughs.

WHERE WILL YOU BE FINANCIALLY AT THREE SCORE AND TEN?



Everything to gain and nothing to lose.

This space represents man's accumulating period.
Either success or failure is settled here.
No days of grace are allowed.

DANGER LINE
NOW OR NEVER

20

This is the egotistical period when the son thinks he knows more than his father.
This space represents the son's egotism.
Age of wild oats.

30

The boy is now changing his mind and concludes he doesn't know as much as he imagined. He now considers his father a man of fair judgment.

35

The son realizes that life is a reality and he is not as smart as he once thought. The father was a man of master mind

40

97% of men here meet with reverses and lose their entire accumulations.

45

By this age 97% have lost all.

This is the age of caution, as man must not speculate for he has all to lose and nothing to gain. He looks for security, not high rates of interest.

50

After this age but one in 5,000 can recover his financial footing.

At sixty 95% of men are dependent upon their daily earnings or their children for support.

60

J. M. Gibson's First Real Job in Dry Goods Paid 75c, Week

Calgary Store Manager Displayed Scotch Tenacity in Rise from Apprentice to Head of Big H.B.C. Establishment

By F. R. REEVE, *Associate Editor*

J. M. GIBSON is an example of the man of purpose, the man who decides upon a career early in life and thereafter never swerves from it nor ceases for a moment his intensive training for it. Mr. Gibson, a Scot whose sterling highland qualities are tempered with a warmth born of Canadian associations, laid out when quite a youth in Glasgow, the line upon which he purposed conducting operations. He has "stayed on the track." A dry goods man he meant to be. The sirens of larger wages, or a more cyclonic success in other lines never turned him a hairsbreadth off the course. As Owen Meredith wrote:

J. M. GIBSON, ESQ.
General Manager, Calgary, Retail

> "*The man who seeks one thing in life and*
> *but one*
> *May hope to achieve it ere that life be done.*
> *But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes*
> *Only reaps from the hopes which around*
> *him he sows*
> *A harvest of barren regrets.*"

Apprenticed to the dry goods business at an early age, he received a salary of 75 cents a week for the first year; $1 a week for the second year. During his fourth year with the business, he was drawing as much as $1.50 a week.

He made rapid strides in his chosen work and finally became buyer for one of the largest departmental stores in Glasgow, which position he left to come to Canada in 1904.

In 1905, Mr. Gibson was in Winnipeg holding the position of director of the George Gregg Company, travelling to and from Europe twice a year for the business. Severing his connection with the George Gregg Company, he purchased a business in Moose Jaw. So well conducted were his affairs that, in 1911, he was enabled to sell out the business at one hundred cents on the dollar.

The ensuing two years were spent by Mr. Gibson in Europe. He returned to Canada, taking up a position with the Hudson's Bay Company as manager of the Nelson store in 1915. He was subsequently appointed as Merchandise Inspector, and while acting in this capacity, in the summer of 1917 he travelled to Japan on Company's business.

Mr. Gibson was appointed General Manager at Calgary in October, 1918.

He is a refreshing example of a man intensively trained in a single line, but who has a big view. Years ago, he avoided falling into the narrowness that often grows upon a man who has spent a lifetime in a special branch.

Beauty and sunlight greet the visitor to the not over-large or pretentious office of the Calgary general manager. There are sometimes flowers on the desk, garnered it is said from the wonderful flower beds that fringe the walks of the Gibson home. Combined with his highly practical business sense is an aesthetic taste which shows itself the moment one begins to touch upon any of the subjects which reveal his "hobbies."

Some business men become so involved in the big issues of "the game" that things of less moment, the amenities of life are not worth the attention they require; but Mr. Gibson is not one of these men.

He is a great proponent of friendliness both as a part of the store's atmosphere and in employers' relations with each other and their managers. It is not remarkable therefore that all of the Company's employees at Calgary feel that they are a part of the big H.B.C. family. Department heads are more than mere names to the sales force.

Mr. Gibson has a personality of great charm. It has been said that he has more personal friends than any man in Calgary. His employees tell you that he is a fine man to work for and that he has the knack of sending every caller out of his office smiling, whether the visitor has gained the purpose of his call or not.

100 Years Since H.B.C. Sent Out John West

ALL Western Canada was of one mind in offering congratulations to the Anglican Church on the occasion of the centenary of the introduction of the gospel into this great west. It was indeed an inspiring sight to witness the service attended at Winnipeg last month by bishops, canons, and lesser dignitaries of the church who had gathered together to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings which had been bestowed upon Western Canada during the last hundred years. It is now one hundred years since the Hudson's Bay Company, on its own initiative and at its own expense, sent out from England, a missionary, the Rev. John West. Since that time the Anglican church has made great strides in Western Canada. —*W. E. G., Winnipeg.*

Stores' Staff Promotions Are Governed by Efficiency

Men Measured for Executive Positions by Periodic Analysis of "Success Qualities"

By J. BROWN

THAT staff promotions in the Stores Department are regarded by the management as of more than ordinary importance is evidenced by the established policy of gauging employees' capacity, rate of improvement and general efficiency and making promotions largely upon the results shown by a scientific "man-measuring" system.

It is said that the Company's policy of picking men from within the ranks for advanced positions in the stores is made more effective in execution by such analysis of the individual's ability. Opportunity to qualify for places of greater responsibility in the Company's service never was greater than now; indeed the Company is regarded as offering broader possibilities for self betterment of the ambitious and energetic employee than any other Canadian institution.

In following out the plan of "man-rating" instituted by the Stores Department for the purpose of governing promotions, one of the Company's larger stores has worked out a unique chart which is to be filled out by a special committee to cover the individual's various "percentages" under the three principal headings: Personality, Ability, Reliability—and sub-headings under each. Reports are then examined and approved by the store manager. An outline of the chart is shown on the page opposite.

How do you stand on executive ability? Check yourself up honestly and carefully. Fill out this chart in privacy and lay it away. At the end of a month or two, do it again, placing the new figures alongside the first set. Compare the percentages. See if you have built up or strengthened any of the qualities set out on this form. Be absolutely frank with yourself and remember the successful executive in the Company or anywhere must measure up to a high figure in each of these fundamental qualities or he cannot carry the responsibilities which inevitably go with larger remuneration.

If you are not "getting along," seek the reason on the chart.

[*NOTE: "The Beaver" will send copies of this chart free to any employee or department in reasonable quantities.*]

Man-Rating Chart—Executive Ability

Date this Rating ....

Date last Rating ....

Name.......... Position.......... Dept..........

Success Qualities	Per-fect %	Actu-al %	Remarks:
PERSONALITY—			
1. Ability to win confidence and respect, because of personality	16		
2. Ability to arouse interest and ambition in others	16		
3. Equipment of courtesy, courage and tact	16		
4. (*a*) Respect for a promise given.	18		
(*b*) Ability to teach others its importance in the business world			
5. Willingness and ability to co-operate and get co-operation	18		
6. Ability to admire progress of associate or competitor and to profit therefrom	16		
Total	100		
ABILITY—			
1. Judgment—leadership	34		
(*a*) Ability to pick men and plan work intelligently.			
(*b*) To delegate authority wisely			
2. Originality in devising new or better methods.	16		
3. Willingness and ability to accept new methods.	16		
4. Speed, thoroughness, coupled with a love of work	16		
5. Energy, endurance, health	18		
Total	100		
RELIABILITY—			
1. (*a*) Amount of supervision required	24		
(*b*) Number of times in given period obliged to re-learn all or part of system and duties			
2. Ability to avoid making the same mistake twice	16		
3. (*a*) Punctuality—as applied to business. "On time," including: Appointments; "On the job;" Answering correspondence; Abreast of the work.	24		
(*b*) Up-to-dateness in broad sense of the word.			
4. (*a*) General value (*a*) Years of experience; (*b*) Loyalty; (*c*) Standing in community; (*d*) Understanding of Company policy.	36		
(*b*) Accuracy: (*a*) As applied to facts and figures; (*b*) As applied to statements, verbal or written; (*c*) As applied to conclusions.			
Total	100		

Rated by.......... Approved..........

Why Fur Values Vary

Circumstances Under Which Pelts Are Taken and Treatment of Skins Determine Quality

FURS have their origin in perhaps the lowest rank of society, and end at the top. Owing entirely to fashion, a skin looked down on as being common at one time, in a few months or years may be regarded as most exclusive and pretty.

The most beautiful furs are native to North America and are most fit for furriers' purposes when thoroughly prime. There are four seasons—spring, summer, fall and winter. When the first sign of spring comes, the fur loosens and gradually falls out, until in midsummer the animal may be nearly bare of fur and when the fall comes a new coat comes out and is a beautiful rich, glossy colour, improving in length and density until January or February, when the colour commences to fade out and the life leave it. The character of the country inhabited has much to do with the colour. If the country is heavily wooded, the fur is darkest and best, and when the partly open country is reached that sleek, lustrous look is gone, and when reaching the Arctic regions, where there is no shelter, all furs are white or of a light shade. This is the reason why northern B.C. to Labrador killed skins are preferred.

Fur Seal Varies Least

Amphibious animals differ from land animals, as the cold water does not allow the seasons to be so noticeable. Take for instance the fur seal. He inhabits waters that are always of about the same temperature. In the summer he is in Alaska waters, but as soon as the water commences to get cold in the fall he starts south, then in the spring when the water warms, away he goes back to the north, consequently his fur falls out so gradually that it is not noticeable.

When land furs are thoroughly prime, all substance is drawn from the hide to the fur, so that the leather is thin and papery, while on the other hand when the fur is shed the leather is at least four times as thick as the prime leather, and cannot be used for furriers' purposes on account of its weight, until after being shaved down, and as the top hair of all animals is rutted on the inside of the hide, this shaving process cuts the roots and causes the hair to fall out, leaving only the fur, which is rooted on the outside of the hide. Fur seals are unhaired in this way, also with razor-edged knives.

Quality More Important Than Colour

One can readily understand why a fur garment may be worth from $10 to $1000, depending first on the season in which it was taken, and second on the colour. The reason colour is placed in second place is because the dyer's art has been so perfected that if colour is lacking, it can soon be produced, but if quality is lacking, nothing can produce it. Another feature that influences the value of fur is the way it is handled. Raw fur dealers pay most for skins that have been carefully removed from the animal and air dried. Any other treatment lowers the value of the skin, because all manufacturing processes are arranged to handle furs in just one state, as nearly the same state as it was when first removed from the animal, so that the first thing the manufacturer does with a skin is to soak it in water.

Important to Retain Natural Oil

If the trapper has dried the skin in the sun, the natural oil will be so congealed that it refuses to soften; or, if the skin was dried by the heat of a stove, the grease in it will be burned, and instead of softening will remain so hard that when you bend it it will break like a soda biscuit; or if not properly dried in a reasonable time after being removed from the animal, the hide may have sweated, in which case on its being softened again the hair will fall.

H.B.C. Taught Indians to Trap Commercially

The Indian, contrary perhaps to what most people suppose, did not understand how to trap anything excepting the animals required for actual sustenance. His naturally indolent habits were opposed to hunting, because hunting is hard work; so that the Hudson's Bay Company not only found it necessary to clothe the Indian so that he could stand the cold, but had to teach him how to hunt and trap in a commercial way.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO FUR TRADE POSTS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY CO.

Fort a la Corne, Sask., Post D-7

By J. E. ARMSTRONG

FORT A LA CORNE, Sask., is situated near the south bank of the main Saskatchewan river on the old Cumberland trail, fifty miles east of Prince Albert. At this point the Company owns a reserve of three thousand acres and the Post is built on the western boundary of the reserve about midway on the north and south line. To the west and south of us we have the James Smith Indian Reserve, consisting of about two townships, on which reside about three hundred Cree Indians. On the north the country is entirely unsettled and in its wild state, but east, south and west of us every quarter section of land is taken up and farmed in *some* manner by Scandinavians and halfbreeds.

The entire district is first-class farming land. Large patches of open prairie interspersed with light poplar trees and numerous small lakes or sloughs. The soil is a good rich loam and raises excellent crops.

The Indians of James Smith Reserve, from whom the Company derives the greater part of its trade, live in fairly good log houses and raise cattle for market and grow a considerable amount of grain.

Post Buildings, Fort a la Corne

Their largest source of income, aside from hunting and trapping, is from the sale of hay, which grows abundantly on their reserve and which they put up for sale.

Our Indians are a progressive lot and each year hold an agricultural exhibition at their own fair grounds about four miles west of the Post, where they have quite a good sized agricultural hall. The hall is also used for all sorts of social events, such as dances and box socials.

The Indian Department keeps a resident farm instructor on the reserve and the Anglican Church have a missionary here.

Our freight is hauled from Kinistino, on the C.N.R., a distance of twenty-two miles, over an excellent road.

Although we are so close to civilization, moose, elk and jumping deer are numerous a short distance away on the north side of the river.

Our fur returns include all classes of fur native of the country.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles intended to acquaint our readers with the nature, location and environment of the Company's many widespread posts and outposts in the "Far Fur Country." Kindly send *The Beaver* a description and brief history of your Post, accompanied by good photographs or negatives. Also pictures of typical and prominent natives and a few words regarding their characteristics. Your co-operation will help us make this series of articles authentic, up-to-date and interesting.

J. S. Helmicken was Loyal Servant and H.B.C. Pensioned Officer

Victoria Physician Who Died in September at Age of 97 Spent Many Years "in Service"

THE Honorable John S. Helmicken, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., who died September 1st at Victoria, was born in London, England, on June 5th, 1824, and entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service in 1845, when he was appointed doctor of the Honorable Company's ship, "Prince Rupert," for a voyage to York Factory on Hudson Bay. He spent some time sailing the Indian seas, until finally in 1849 he contracted with the Hudson's Bay Company as clerk and colonial surgeon through the Secretary of the London Board, Mr. Barclay. He arrived in Victoria on the "Norman Morrison" in March, 1850.

Some few weeks later he was transferred to Nanaimo and in the process of time became a chief trader in the service. He was also for a time stationed at Fort Rupert, where the Company opened the first coal mines on Vancouver Island. While there he was made a justice of the peace by Governor Blanchard. Shortly after this he was called to Victoria to attend

Governor Blanchard, and remained there until his death, on first September last. In 1852, shortly after his arrival in Victoria, he was married to Miss Cecilia Douglas, daughter of Sir James.

In 1855 he was elected to the first legislative assembly on Vancouver Island, and when the house opened was elected speaker, retaining the office until the union of the two colonies in 1866, when the Vancouver Island Colony came to an end.

He was always a Hudson's Bay man in *spirit* and was allowed a pension through the representation of Lord Strathcona. When visited by Sir Robert Kindersley during May last, though ninety-seven years old, his mind was bright and active and he appeared much pleased at the Governor's call.

All Winnipeg Staffs Join in First Big Masquerade—R. J. HUGHES

THE various branches of the H.B.C. organization in Winnipeg united December 2nd to make the First Annual Employees' Masquerade Ball a grand success. Never in the history of the Company at Winnipeg has such a "get together" of staffs been attempted.

The ball-room of the Fort Garry Hotel was tastefully decorated and the floor was never in better condition. About four hundred were present, dressed in costumes representing practically every nation of the civilized world; in fact some of the uncivilized countries seemed to have their special envoys. One could see bold "Romeo" doing a lively fox trot with a native maiden of the Hawaiian Islands and "Nero" had laid aside his world famed "fiddle" and was nimbly going through the antics of a one-step with "Cleopatra." Nations from the ends of the world met, all speaking one tongue.

The Hudsonian Grand March was led by our genial wholesale General Manager and Mrs. Veysey who are always to be found at our social gatherings. Mr. Veysey looked quite Spanish in his toreador costume.

Results of the 250th Anniversary Employees' Suggestion Competition

In the Company's Stores Department

THE BEAVER is enabled to give this month, names of those in Stores' department service who were successful in winning prizes offered by the Company for employees' suggestions during the Anniversary Celebrations. Awards are distributed according to the progressive question sheet numbers, prizes having been offered for best three suggestions in answer to each of the sheets A, B, C—and grand prize for best answer to Final Question Sheet. Unless an employee answered the questions on sheet "A" he was not entitled to write sheet "B;" and until he had completed on sheet "B," was not eligible to answer sheet "C," and so on up to the "Final Question." The winners were:

SHEET "A"

First Prize of $100.00, awarded to Mr. C. C. Packman, of Nelson.

Second prize of $50.00 and Third prize of $25.00, divided between Mr. A. J. Watson, of Vancouver; Mr. G. H. Brennand, of Calgary; Mr. W. R. Ogston, of Winnipeg Retail.

SHEET "B"

First Prize of $200.00 awarded to Mr J. B. Wallace, of Edmonton.

Second Prize of $100.00 awarded to Mr. R. W. Mason, of Calgary.

Third Prize of $50.00 awarded to Mr. A. P. Evans, of Winnipeg Wholesale.

SHEET "C"

First Prize of $300.00 awarded to Mr. F. B. Reeve, of Calgary.

Second Prize of $200.00 awarded to Mr. C. C. Packman, of Nelson.

Third Prize of $100.00 awarded to Mr. C. W. Phillips, of Calgary.

"FINAL QUESTION"

First Prize of $1000.00 awarded to Mr. F. B. Reeve, of Calgary.

Heroism of Indian Women I Have Known

By C. H. FRENCH

I WAS camped in a log-house on an island in Lake Winnipeg one night when a bad gale sprang up and during an extra heavy squall a large tree was blown over and landed on top of the cabin. The cabin was built of heavy logs and the only damage done (aside from giving me a bad fright) was the wrecking of the roof.

Afterwards it was learned that during the heavy wind a small yacht in the service of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was close inshore and was capsized, drowning all the occupants excepting the captain, who was about 70 years old, but who possessed an enormous amount of vitality and vim for one of his age.

Clung for Nine Days on Upturned Yacht

He managed to get on the bottom of the upturned yacht and for nine days clung there. This was especially trying to him, because the channel frequented by steamers was not over a mile distant. As he drifted back and forth several steamers passed quite close but did not observe the signals he was able to make with the scant material at his command. After nine days, with his feet hanging in the water and the terrible cold of October nights sapping his vitality, he was sighted by an Indian woman in a canoe and was removed to her home some twenty miles distant, where he was fed on fish soup.

Word was sent to Winnipeg. The government immediately despatched a steamer to the Indian camp and the shipwrecked captain was taken to Winnipeg, where he was placed in a hospital. His feet were found to be mortifying, but before they could be removed he was dead. I am one who believes in the remedies and treatment that these Indian women have. The treatment is learned through long experience and the remedies are of the simplest, being of the diet kind. The Indian woman who nursed this man was a heroine, and I do not think that her heroism was ever suitably rewarded.

IN Central British Columbia an Indian woman and child, who are still living at Babine, went up the lake to get a certain herb that grew only at a certain spot, which was twelve miles from the village. They landed their canoe and proceeded some little distance from the lake, and after collecting what herbs they required were returning to the canoe, when an old bear and two small ones were disturbed. The small ones were about a year old, and as it was early in the Spring their fur was quite valuable; therefore, when the two little fellows ran up a tree the Indian woman determined to kill them, so that she could profit from the sale of the fur, but as she had no gun the problem of how to kill them was a big one. Her mind was soon made up. She put her girl, who was not over ten years old, in the canoe and told her to go home and get a rifle and return as quickly as possible. The little girl was excited and did not realize that she was leaving her mother alone unprotected or she might not have been so ready to hurry back home after the rifle.

Indian Mother Kept Game at Bay All Night

The mother had the usual small axe and she gathered together wood and built a fire under the tree in which the small bears were, then she crouched down at the foot of the tree to await the return of her girl with the gun. There was absolutely no danger from the two small bears in the tree, but it is hardly necessary for me to say that the very greatest kind of danger was in the fact that the old mother bear was still lurking in the vicinity and might attack her at any moment. All through the dark lonesome hours of the night she sat there keeping watch, and I regard this as being one of the most pronounced cases of pure pluck I have ever known.

Early in the morning the girl with some friends arrived and the two cub bears were killed. When the skins were brought to me to be sold and the story of their capture was told, the purchase price of the skins was increased.

FORTY YEARS IN THE H.B.C. SERVICE INLAND

(*Continued from Page 14*)

with mud from head to foot. When things were pretty well straightened out, we asked Murdoch where we were going to sleep. I shall never forget the look of disdain he gave us, and said, "You will sleep or lie awake whichever you please under that "tam" cart, and another thing you'll not get anything to eat to-night, so you can go to bed now, as we will be starting out of this "tam" hole about daylight, and we will have our breakfast after we cross Colony Creek."

Murdoch Plays the Bagpipes

We made no reply but after it got dark we hiked for the men's house, which was only a few hundred yards away. Here we got something to eat from our friends of the night before. Our brave Murdoch, to our surprise, was at the men's house before us, and was playing the bagpipes for the boys. They had given him a few drinks, and he was as happy as Souter Johnnie or Tam o' Shanter, and "didna care a whistle." He had been ten years in the country at that time, and was used to all phases of the game. Murdoch was very good to us all the way up to Fort Ellice, and did not ask us to do much work on the trip, except to get wood and make a fire and boil the kettle while he and his men were looking after the oxen and saddle horses. Twenty-seven days from Fort Garry we arrived at Fort Ellice.

We were now in the Indian country and lots of them about. One of the blacksmiths and I were held at Fort Ellice, the other two were sent forward to McKenzie River. They proceeded only as far as the Carlton that fall and had to winter there.

Our Quarters at Fort Ellice

The headquarters of Swan River district was transferred from Fort Pelly to Fort Ellice in 1874 in order to accommodate the new transport route with better facilities for inland distribution. Many new buildings and warehouses were required. Chief Factor Archibald MacDonald was in charge of the district, and I served under him for over thirty years. The men's houses were one-story log buildings with thatched roofs. There were about twenty-five white servants at the post at this time, all labourers except the officers and clerks. The blacksmith and I had a house to ourselves. There was a big house 2½ stories, in the centre of the fort for the officers and clerks. A sixteen-foot stockade enclosed about five acres, with bastions and cannon mounted on each corner.

As a carpenter, I built a great many warehouses, stores, and dwelling houses at the different posts in the district during my first five years' service, and put traffic bridges over many of the rivers.

Two Yankee Wanderers Hired

Two Americans turned up one day, all in rags, and hungry. They did not know or care where they were going but wanted a job. It was on a Sunday and the Union Jack was flying. It had the letters "H.B.C." on it. One of them looked up and said, "Say, pard', what do those letters stand for?" The other said, "I guess it means Half-Breed Company." The other replied, "I guess that ain't right partner. It seem to me by the look of things around here them 'air letters should read something like this—'Here Before Christ'." They were both hired by the Factor, and made good men for the Company. One of them died in the service.

Our Grisly Stockade

I was on a trip with one of these men some years afterward, in the winter. Travelling from Qu'Appelle to Wood Mountain, we were caught in a blizzard at Pile o' Bones Creek, near where Regina now stands. A great many Indians had died from smallpox that year, and we came to a place where several of them had been deserted after they had contracted the disease. We could go no further, and as there was no shelter, we made a stockade out of about a dozen of the corpses for ourselves and dogs for the night. The snow soon drifted over us.

The storm having abated, we got away from our gruesome camp bright and early. Later we saw three horse thieves who had been strung up the day before and riddled with bullets. That's what we called dancing the Red River jig in mid-air. We shuddered and passed along and let them remain hanging.

(*To be continued*)

"SKIPPERING A SCOW" ON THE ATHABASCA

(*Continued from Page 17*)

through the worst of the water, *stern* foremost, her crew yelling their loudest when they struck the big waves at the foot of the island.

It seemed that they must inevitably be swamped and sink, but to my surprise they ran through into the big eddy without shipping much water. No further effort to put the boats through was made until the next morning.

The River Splits Into Two Torrents

So that the uninitiated may form a clear idea of how the freight was handled at this point, a short explanation of the rapid itself will be necessary. Picture for yourself a swift-flowing river suddenly being projected down a rocky slope with a gradient of 80 feet per half mile. Set in the very centre of the stream, beginning at the head of the grade, and running practically the whole length of it, is an island which *divides the stream into two wild torrents*. The right hand branch, going north, is the only channel navigable for boats. So rock strewn and turbulent is it, that only a very skilful steersman with a good crew can run an empty scow through the channel without coming to grief.

How Freight Was Portaged

The freight then must be unloaded and portaged overland. In order to facilitate transport and minimize loss of time and labor, a tramway was built on the island itself. The freight was transported on small trucks to the foot of the island, where the scows could pick up their loads again, after being run through empty and drawn back up to the island below bad water.

A Russian Alliance Gets Results

Two days immediately following proved to be full of incident and excitement, to which I was for the most part an onlooker. Jim Cornwall had made arrangements with me, that in consideration of his loaning me the services of a dozen of his expert railway workmen, I would suspend my operations in regard to removing the tramway until he had been able to move all his freight over it to the foot of the island. Then, whilst his boats were being reloaded, we could get to work and have the rails and trucks at the landing ready to be loaded into my scow after the last of his had got safely away. Not wanting the job of feeding twelve extra mouths all the way to McMurray, I hustled those Russians so that we beat the boats more than an hour. We were ready to put the stuff aboard.

But let us return to the point where we digressed to explain the situation. Early the following morning everyone was astir, anticipating a busy day. Being but a spectator myself, until all the scows (eight of them and a York boat) had been unloaded and their loads portaged, I spent the day largely in taking photographs. It was my particular desire to get a snapshot of the York boat and the tug "Crester" running the rapid, but though I waited until 2.30 p.m., with the camera set on its tripod on a spot commanding the best view of the passage, no boats of any kind appeared. My pertinacity in the desire to secure pictures cost me my lunch, for all the "grub" was eaten by the time I returned to camp.

First Scow Piled on Rocks

I crossed to the island to see how matters were progressing there. It was not very long after this that the first boat of that day appeared on her run through the swirling wave-topped current. All went well until about two-thirds of the distance had been covered. Her pilot, planning to avail himself of the smoother water, brought his craft too far over toward the island and failing to navigate her through the multitude of huge boulders at such a high rate of speed, fifteen miles an hour or more possibly, missed his course and piled her up on a rock. She quickly turned broadside to the current and lay at an angle that threatened to break her open amidships if not quickly dislodged. The ten men aboard were in imminent danger of being swept to destruction in the angry flood that hissed around them, seeming as if it were eager to have their bodies in its grasp.

(*To be continued*)

WINNIPEG

NEWS and Views of Happenings at the Company's Establishments in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

NOTE—Contributors kindly send all reports for this Department to Associate Editors: E. U. Pugsley, H.B.C. Retail; A. P. Evans, Wholesale Depot; W. M. Conn, Fur Trade Dept.; B. A. Everitt, Land Dept.; John Hughes, Executive Dept., Winnipeg.

Retail Store Notes

Managers and Buyers Enjoy Social Evening

MEMBERS of the Wednesday morning meeting — managers, buyers and assistants—were royally entertained at a get-together social on the evening of November 15th. It was voted by all to have been an unqualified success. The store's cafe was tastefully decorated and arranged for the appetizing dinner. A pleasing feature was community singing of old and new popular airs by way of diversion between courses.

The programme was of an informal nature and hence bore an air of relaxation and gaiety not without its vein of humor as well. Everything was guaranteed under the pure fun law. Space and language do not permit full justice to be done here to the variety of talent, some of it previously undiscovered, which promoted the merriment of the evening.

Following the toast, "The King," Mr. Ogston, chairman, introduced the artists of the evening, and among those who participated were Mr. W. L. Ogden, solo; Mr. Diamond, dramatic reading; Mr. Arthur Robinson, solo; Mr. Bennion, humorous recitation, and the irrepressible Mr. R. A. Leckie shone in a comic song parody. Mr. Sparling reviewed the progress of the past five and a half years, and Mr. Ogston talked interestingly of his early experiences in the Company's service in the Northland.

ACTING on the bard's prophecy that the nights should be filled with music, Winnipeg store is organizing an orchestra and choir of its own. Good progress is being made and it is expected that the fruits of this effort will be enjoyed at many a social evening this winter.

TIME DEALS leniently with many of the Store's "familiars." The following members of the staff have just completed ten years' service with the Company:

P. L. Goodie
I. J. Grant
R. Hoccon
E. L. Hardiman
Miss C. Sargent
H. Logan
R. J. Hughes
S. Moore
A. Mackenzie
J. G. Parkinson
Mrs. E. Thorburn
A. H. Robinson
Chas. Robinson
Miss N. McEwan
Miss M. McLeod
Miss M. Rundle
Miss E. M. Woodhead

Our Gasoline Club

Gossip About Members and Adherents

MR. SIDEY recently added forty-horse-power to his already noteworthy capacity for getting around and being the right man at the right place at the right time. It's a Scotch car—at least he said it's a McLaughlin!

* * *

As a result of an irresistible fatal attractiveness—call it personal magnetism if you will—Mr. MacGregor finds a disposition on the part of pedestrians to cling fondly to his car as he coasts down the avenue. Only the other evening a gentleman sprang nimbly upon his engine hood and refused to vacate till Mac stopped the car. Mac didn't want to run over the plebe because, you never can tell, he might have thoughtlessly been carrying shingle nails in his pocket, and punctures cost money. He let him off with a warning.

A RUBAIYAT OF THE YULETIDE

(With apologies to the biographer of Omar Khayyam)

Awake! for someone in the dead of night
Has made the place a gladsome sight!
And lo! the old chap with the beard has bro't
The Season's Greetings—bless the hale old wight!

Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the sky
I heard a voice within the household cry,
"Awake, old top, and stir about—
'Tis Christmas Day!"—How time doth fly!

And as the cock crew those who stood before
My chamber, shouted, "Open, or we force the door!
We know who left these gifts upon the shelf,
The mystery will puzzle us no more!"

Ah, me! the worldly hope men set their hearts upon
To snatch a little extra sleep anon;
The kids dash snow upon Dad's sleepy face,
And my precious extra hour or so is gone!

A turkey feast beneath the holly bough
A flask of grape juice, book of verse and thou
Around me clustered in the yulelog's glow,
And Christmas Day were paradise enow.

—E.U.P.

Appropriate Christmas Gifts

Dear Santa Claus:

Here is a list of things which some of our Winnipeg people should have in their stockings on December 25th, if you can oblige:

Mr. Sparling—*One sheet clear keen ice; one good draw after another; three strong sweepers; one complete victory over his opponents.*

Mr. Pearin—*One huge Christmas Dinner; one imported 50 cent cigar; one large and intelligent audience; one rattling good speech.*

Miss Smith—*One mailbagful of Christmas Remembrances from overseas; one heartful of happiness.*

Hudson's Bay Drivers—*Two more months of good sleighing without excessive cold.*

Mr. Tait—*One fancy Hackney gelding and stylish cutter.*

Mr. Ogston—*One thousand good wishes and an early opening up of the golf season.*

Miss Livingstone—*One fur-lined limousine and six hours extra rest for one day in the year.*

Mr. Frankish—*Something to take those sweaters off his mind during the Christmas festivities.*

Yours truly,
(Signed) CAMOUFLAGE.

MISS McEWEN has been granted leave of absence and is enjoying a holiday several weeks long, and equally as wide, visiting friends in New York and Boston.

MR. A. H. ROBINSON has severed his connection with Winnipeg Store to take up new duties as Western representative of a well-known Eastern firm, Robt. Ralston & Company.

MR. DAY, who has been our genial merchandise manager for a year, has resigned and returned to Hamilton, Ont., in the capacity of general manager for the Arcade store, which is extending its premises to be one of the most important stores in Hamilton. We wish Mr. Day godspeed.

"Wise and Otherwise"

In Winnipeg Store

CUSTOMER (from the suburbs) to floorman: "Mister, where do you keep chicken's leggings?" He was advised to go to a seed store.

"You look disgruntled," said the shoe man.

"Yes," snapped the druggist. "Had a little rush just now, and a couple of prospective customers walked out without being waited on."

"They seldom get away from me," declared the shoe man. "I take off their shoes as soon as they come in."—(Copped.)

MOVED BY Miss Burstow, seconded by Miss Blum, that Mr. Peter Goody be nominated Santa Claus, because never a day passes but he sends scores of good things to people all over the country. Carried.

ELABORATE overtures may be expected one of these fine evenings at a Hudson's Bay retail function. No use trying to keep secret the fact that a talented orchestra has been organized among ourselves. Mr. Atkins promises us it will be easy to listen to.

AT THE grand masquerade dance in which all Winnipeg employees participate, December 2nd, some amazing costumes were in evidence. But there were some disappointments. What we should really like to have seen was

Mr. Leckie disguised as "Lydia Pinkham," Mr. Swain disguised as "The End of a Perfect Day," Mr. Ogden disguised as "Caruso," Mr. Pugsley disguised as "A Gentleman," Mr. George Bowdler disguised as "Fatty Arbuckle" and a certain gentleman on the second floor disguised as "A Professional Curler."

THAT WAS a foolish idea of somebody's that Mr. Drennan tried to call up Santa Claus the other day on the ouija board. Inquiry elicited the information that Mr. Drennan never owned a ouija board and that he doesn't believe in Santa Claus. Perhaps the sleuth who runs down alleged funny stuff for this column mistook a washboard which Mr. Drennan was using for a ouija board.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As down a busy aisle there passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A show card with the strange device—
"Toys-on-the-Third Floor."

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Reith.)

MR. SIDNEY ROGERS surprised everyone by announcing the arrival at his home of a brand new son and heir.

MR. JAS. FULLER, our good timekeeper, has been keeping time with the progress of old Winnipeg Store for many a Christmas now. His contagious smile is a sunburst of good humor which gives us all a lift on our day's journey, first thing every morning. Jim (as he lets some of us who are never late call him outside business hours) comes from the Land of Scrooge and Marley, of Bob Cratchit and The Perrybingles, and he knows what a real Christmas should be. He thrust his head around the corner just now to wish the "Compliments of the Season" to all other Hudson's Bay Timekeepers from Baffin Land to Victoria. That means a **FULLER** Christmas than you ever enjoyed before!—*E.U.P.*

REPORTED that Mr. Higgins, our home furnishings buyer, has already decided what his department should be like in the new store on Portage Avenue. Mr. Scott has been detailed to keep Mr. Higgins under surveillance, lest he attempt to influence the architect to alter the plans so as to get a larger department in the new building than should be at the disposal of the hardware department.

LAND DEPARTMENT NOTES

Land Dept. Talent Helps Success of H.B.C. Dance

By J. McDILL

THE Land Department staff turned out in large numbers to the Company's dance, recently held at the Fort Garry Hotel, given as a wind-up to the Tennis and Quoits competition staged during the past summer. Although the Land Department came off "prizeless," we had consolation in the fact that we had held our own in the Tennis Tournament up until the semi-final games, when our last couple was defeated.

During the course of the dance, Miss M. Burnett and Miss M. McCready, two junior members of our staff, entertained the large audience. Judging by the interest they held, and the volume of the applause given, the offering was a great success. Miss Burnett appeared in a pretty and unusual interpretive dance entitled "La Violette" and Miss McCready sang "That Little Mother of Mine," and "The Japanese Love Song." Miss Evelyn Senior, accompanied by her sister Gladys at the piano, obliged with a violin solo.

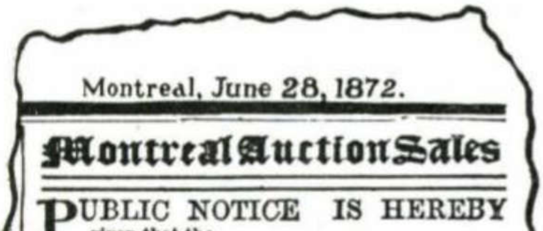
E. H. Wilson, New Resident Land Agent at Victoria

AS the Company owns valuable central and suburban properties at Victoria, and on Vancouver Island, B.C., a new land office was recently established at Victoria for the purpose of dealing with the Company's interests, under the direction of the Land Commissioner.

The new agent, who will devote his entire energies to Land Department affairs, is Mr. E. H. Wilson, who commenced duties on 1st December. For the present, the Land Department offices will be located in the same building as those now occupied by the Fur Trade Department of B.C. District. Mr. Wilson's business career has been entirely devoted to land matters.

When Winnipeg Was Young

THE sub-joined reproduction of a clipping taken from the Montreal "Gazette" of June 28, 1872, announces an early sale of the Company's townsite property in Winnipeg. Many great modern structures stand today on parts of the area offered in this old advertisement.



Montreal, June 28, 1872.

Montreal Auction Sales

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

WILL SELL BY

AUCTION

ON THE GROUND,

In the Latter Part of July Instant,

BUILDING LOTS,

IN THE

TOWN OF SELKIRK,

Laid out on the Reserve, including

Upper Fort Garry, Manitoba.

Being the Seat of Government of the Province, an
also the great distributing point for the rapidly, i
creasing trade of the great country lying to the
d North-West. The attention of parties desir
est money in real propert Manitoba is
ale, as affording an rtunity to

Brochures Appreciated by Land Staff

THE Brochure, being an abridged history of the Company's activities from its inception, published by the Company at its London office in connection with its 250th Anniversary, has been distributed in the Land Department. It is not only full of interest to the servants of the Company, but it contains much material of interest to the general public, not otherwise easily obtainable.

The addresses of the deputy chairman and the secretary of the Company issued in pamphlet form, were truly replete with interesting informative facts.

It is to be regretted that various activities of the Company have not been more generally known among its employees, as well as to the general public, as the enthusiasm of the former, and the appreciative patronage of the latter, make for the prosperity of the Company. Both brochure and pamphlet are works of the printers' art, and have been much appreciated. —H.A.J.McD.

Company's Endowment of Research Course at U. of M. Shows Wide Vision

More Potent Monument Than One of Stone or Steel

IT has been noted with pleasurable interest that the "Ancient and Honourable Company" continues to give evidence of its vigorous ability and wide vision, as demonstrated by the provision made by the Governor and Committee for the creation and maintenance of a post graduate course of research in the University of Manitoba. Such a commemoration of the Company's 250th Anniversary should prove a more effective memorial than structure of stone or steel. It is meet that the Company's name should be perpetuated on the records of the leading seat of learning in the Province of Manitoba with which the Company's welfare and progress have been so closely linked.—H.A.J.McD.

Miss French Entertained Before Leaving for the East

A VERY enjoyable evening was spent recently at the home of Miss Nunn in Fort Rouge, in honor of Miss French who has been with the Company for the past year, and has now left for a trip to Eastern Canada and the United States for a few months. It is with much regret that we parted with her, but hope on her return that she may return to our midst.

The evening was spent with music and dancing, and Miss French was presented by Mr. C. E. Joslyn, on behalf of the employees of the Land Department, with a cameo ring, with which she was highly delighted.

Mr. McDill is the principal loser of her pleasant company and efficient work, as she worked with him during her stay with the Company, but hopes to find in Mrs. West (who has come back from the East) a good successor.

Fur Trade Head Office News

Presentation Marks Retirement of A. Nicolson from James Bay

MR. A. NICOLSON, who recently retired from service with the Fur Trade Department after more than 40 years in James' Bay District, was entertained, with Mrs Nicolson, at a luncheon November 8th, in the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, by the Fur Trade Commissioner.

On this occasion a presentation was made by the Commissioner to Mr. and Mrs. Nicolson of a beautiful tea service and chime clock on behalf of the Company's staff in James' Bay.

A. NICOLSON, ESQ.

Mr. Nicolson entered the H.B.C. service in 1880 as apprentice clerk. In James' Bay, he has been employed in various capacities, including department accountant and manager in charge of Rupert's House sub-district.

Mrs. Nicolson comes from a family of Hudson's Bay men. On the paternal side her great-grandfather, Thomas Vincent, was a Chief Factor at Moose Factory in 1821, his son also serving the Company until he eventually retired to the Red River Settlement. Her father became a noted missionery to the Cree Indians of James' Bay, though not directly connected with the Company. Two of his brothers were also in the service.

On the maternal side her great-grandfather, George Gladman, died at Eastmain Post early in the 19th century, and his son, Joseph Gladman, her grandfather, retired from the service as Chief Factor about 1864, and incidentally his retirement was from Rupert's House Post where he had been stationed for twenty years.

Of the Nicolson family, two daughters are married in James' Bay District to Post Managers in the service, and their children now form the link making up the *sixth generation* of two families who have been directly associated with the service of the Hudson's Bay Company since the close of the 18th century. This constitutes a unique record.

MR. THOS. P. O'KELLY, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office, Winnipeg, left November 20th for Edmonton, Prince Rupert and Vancouver to take up matters relating to the construction by the Company of new steamers for transport in the McKenzie River district. It is expected that Mr. O'Kelly will be absent from the Winnipeg offices about two months.

NEWS OF GENERAL OFFICE

Colin Urquhart, H.B.C. Chief Cashier, Retires

IT is with sincere regret that we record the fact that Mr. C. Urquhart has retired from the Company's service. It will be remembered that his resignation was refused by the executive till he would take a two months' vacation and report later. During that interval we were hoping that he would be back to grace the cashier's desk with that genial smile and courteous service which he gave to all who had the pleasure of knowing him in either a business or private capacity.

C. URQUHART, ESQ.

Born at Nairn, Scotland, 56 years ago, he entered the Company's service as a clerk at the Victoria office on 15th March, 1892, and was promoted to the office of cashier on 1st June, 1896. After six years' service in that capacity he was transferred to the general office, Winnipeg, to succeed Mr. T. Clouston as chief cashier. It is no exaggeration to say that during those eighteen years in Winnipeg he had no regular hours as the average employee understands them—he just stuck to it, and left only when he was finished.

Mr. Urquhart is succeeded by Mr. Wm. A. Wylde, who has been nine years in the Company's service; four of which he served as Assistant Cashier.

EXPLORATION BY H.B.C. ADVENTURERS

(*Continued from Page 9*)

prairie by a branch of the Nelson River known as Katchawan to Playgreen Lake.

Up these waters paddled the gay Indian voyageurs, the foam rippling on the wake of their bark canoes not half so light as the sparkling foam of laugh and song and story from the paddlers.

Up the Hayes River to the Nelson

On June 26, then, 1754, Hendry set out with the Assiniboines for the voyage up Hayes River. At Amista-Asinee, or Great Stone Rock, they camped for the first night, twenty-four miles from York—good progress considering it was against stream at the full flood of the summer rains. Fire Steel River, Wood Partridge River, Pine Reach—marked the camps for sixty miles from York. Four falls compelled portage beyond Pine Reach, and shoal water for another twenty-five miles set the men tracking, the crews jumping out to wade and draw the lightened canoes up stream.

July 1, Hendry was one hundred and thirteen miles from York. Terrific rains, hot and thundery, deluged the whole flotilla, and Hendry learned for the first time what clouds of huge inland mosquitoes can do. "Mosquito Point" he called the camp. Here the Hayes broke into three or four branches. Hendry's brigade of Assiniboines began to work up one of the northwestward branches toward the Nelson. The land seemed to be barren rock. At camping places was neither fish nor fowl. The voyageurs took a reef in their belts and pressed on. Three beaver afforded some food on Steel River, but "we are greatly fatigued," records Hendry, "with carrying and hauling our canoes and we are not well fed," but the natives are continually smoking, which I find allays hunger." Pike and ducks replenished the provision bags on Duck Lake beyond Steel River.

Detained by the French at the Pas

Twenty canoes of Inland Indians were met at Shad Falls beyond Cree Lake, on their way to York. With these Hendry sent a letter to Governor Isham. It was July 20 before Hendry realized that the labyrinth of willow swamps had led into Nelson River. It must have been high up Nelson River, in some of its western sources east of Playgreen Lake, for one day later, on Sunday the 21st, he records: 'We paddled two miles up the Nelson and then came to Keiskatchewan River, on which the French have two houses which we expect to see tomorrow." He was now exactly five hundred miles from York. "The mosquitoes are intolerable, giving peace neither day nor night. We paddled fourteen miles up the Keiskatchewan west, when we came to a French house. On our arrival, two Frenchman came to the waterside and in a very genteel manner invited me into their house, which I readily accepted. One asked if I had any letter from my master and why I was going inland. I answered I had no letter and was out to view the country, that I meant to return this way in spring. He told me his master and men were gone down to Montreal with the furs, and that they must detain me until his return. However, they were very kind, and at night I went to my tent and told Little Bear my leader. He only smiled and said: 'They dare not detain you.' Hendry was at the Pas on the Saskatchewan. If he had come up the Saskatchewan from Lake Winnipeg he would have found that the French had another Fort at the mouth of the river—Bourbon.

Near Famine on "Mosquito Plains"

From now on, he describes the region which he crossed as Mosquito Plains. White men, alone in the wilderness, become friends quickly. In spite of rivalry, the English trader presented the French with tobacco, the French in turn gave him pemmican of moose meat. On Wednesday, July 24, he left the fort. Sixteen miles up the Saskatchewan, Hendry passed Peotago River, heavily timbered with birch trees. Up this region the canoes of the four hundred Assiniboines ascended southward toward the western corner of the modern province of Manitoba. As the river became shoal, canoes were abandoned miles south of the Saskatchewan. Packs strapped on backs, the Indians starving for food, a dreary march began across country southwest over the Mosquito Plains. "Neither bird nor beast is to be seen. We have nothing to eat," records Hendry after a twenty-six mile tramp. At last, seventy miles from where they had left the canoes, one hundred and forty from the Saskatchewan, they came on a huge patch of ripe raspberries and wild cherries, and luckily in the brushwood killed two moose. This relieved the famine. Wandering Assiniboines chanced to be encamped here. Hendry held solemn conference with the leaders, whiffed pipes to the four corners of the universe—by which the deities of the North, South, East and West were called to witness the sincerity of the sentiments—and invited these tribes down to York, but they only answered "we are already supplied by the French at Pasquia."

Into a "Pleasant and Bountiful Country"

One hundred miles south of Pas—or just where the Canadian Northern Railroad strikes west from Manitoba across Saskatchewan—a delightful change came over the face of the country. Instead of brackish swamp water or salt sloughs, were clear water lakes. Red deer—called by the Assiniboines "waskesaw," were in myriads. "I am now," writes Hendry as he entered what is now the Province of Saskatchewan, "entering a most pleasant and plentiful country of hills and dales with little woods."

First Indians on Horseback Seen

Many Indians were met, but all were strong partisans of the French. An average of ten miles a day was made by the marchers, hunting red deer as they tramped. On August 8, somewhere near what is now Red Deer River, along the line of the Canadian Northern pause was made for a festival of rejoicing on safe return from the long voyage and relief from famine. For a day and a night all hands feasted and smoked and danced and drank and conjured in gladness, the smoking of the pipe corresponding to our modern grace before meals, the dancing a way of evincing thanks in rhythmic motion instead of music, the drinking and conjuring not so far different from our ancestors' way of giving thanks. The lakes were becoming alkali swamps and camp had to be made where there was fresh water. Sometimes the day's march did not average four miles. Again there would be a forced march of fifteen. For the first time, an English fur trader saw Indians on horseback. Where did they get the horses? As we now know, the horses came from the Spaniards, but we must not wonder that when Hendry reported having seen whole tribes on horseback he was laughed out of the service as a romancer, and the whole report of his trip discredited. The Indians' object was to reach the buffalo grounds and lay up stores of meat for the winter. They told Hendry he would presently see whole tribes of Indians on horseback—Archithinues, the famous Blackfoot Confederacy of Bloods, Blackfeet, Piegans and Sarcees.

Hunting the Buffalo

On the 15th of August they were among the buffalo, where today the great grooves and ruts left by the marching herds can still be seen between the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine Rivers toward Qu'Appelle. For the most part the Indians hunted the buffalo with bow and arrow, and at night there was often a casualty list like the wounded after a battle.

(To be continued)

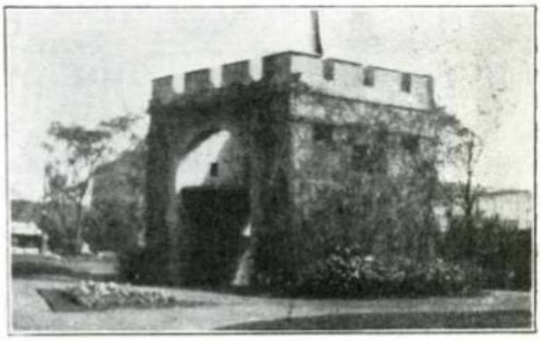


Photo by Miss L. Boake, Member, Kodak Klub, Winnipeg Retail

OLD FORT GARRY

A ruined gateway,
Peopled with passing spectral shades
Of mighty men who lived their day,
In love, hate, feasting and trade.

Lost is the key;
The ancient glories are gone;
Only in its dark and muttering shades we see
Those who have passed on.

Memory's candle flickers in the wind,
But sometimes flares with higher gleam,
And visions of what those men designed,
Against the darkness is clearly seen.

For around it the city's traffic roars,
Deafening the silent past;
Above, majestic buildings soar,
And multitudes go to their daily task.

Here endeth the old-time trails,
Where hundreds of new trails start;
Austere, yet kindly, faces pierce the veil,
Then smiling serenely—calmly depart.

—V. W. HORWOOD.

EDMONTON

NEWS and Views of Happenings at the Company's Establishments in Edmonton, Alberta.

NOTE—Contributors kindly send all reports for this Department to Associate Editors: J. Prest, H.B.C. Retail; E. Yuill, Wholesale; J. R. McIntosh, Land Dept.; W. J. Maclean, District Office, Edmonton.

Retail Store Topics

Buyers Debate Proper Use of Word "Worth" in Advertising

A REFERENCE to the method of advertising used by the buyer of the men's shoe department at Edmonton retail, Mr. W. E. Johnson, was the means of a lively discussion in a recent buyer's meeting. The debate centered upon the use of the word "worth" as used to describe the value of shoes bought at a big price concession from manufacturers and offered to the public as such. Mr. Johnson's argument was based upon an actual occurrence, as follows: A shoe manufacturer discontinued a stock line which they had sold at $7.25, wholesale. They retained a sample in stock. Mr. Johnson bought 100 pairs at $3.75. The shoes were advertised by the Hudson's Bay Company for $5.45, stating that they were "worth," in the ordinary way, $11 per pair.

Exception to this kind of advertising was taken by Mr. McKee, of the cigar department, who claimed that an article was never worth more than was paid for it, and as the shoes were marked on the invoice to sell at $5.45 the goods should have been advertised at $5.45, and not as *worth* $11. The argument waxed fast and furious and many examples of a like nature were brought forward by various buyers who were present.

Judging from the discussion, Mr. Johnson, our genial shoe buyer, more than held his own. We would be pleased to hear from the other stores in regard to the legitimacy of this method of advertising.

MISS KATIE RIDDELL, of the superintendent's office, has returned to business, after spending an extended leave of absence in England. We are pleased to see "Katie" back in her usual place.

MISS MOORE, a new Hudsonian, is in charge of the music department, and we all welcome her to the store, and hope she will remain with us for good. Her playing is certainly far above the average.

MR. GOULD, of the carpet section, has been showing some wonderful pictures of a new baby girl, who is just fifteen weeks old and she weighs 19 pounds. Some baby, George.

MR. AYRES AND MRS. MERCIER have joined Mr. Stroud's department, and we welcome them.

MR. STAPELLS, house furnishings buyer, received a letter from T. G. Abrams, of that department, who is visiting his parents in England. He reports having a good time.

MR. HAMILTON is the new floorman for the third floor. As a consequence Mr. Stroud's lunch counter is a thing of the past.

MR. CHASEY, manager of the men's clothing and furnishings, has returned after visiting Winnipeg, Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, Chicago and New York. Mr. Chasey has been fortunate in securing lines of merchandise which were "extinct" during war period.

MISS ROLSTON, of the silks and dry goods department, Hudson's Bay store, has been transferred to the Edmonton store, and is in charge of the glove department.

MISS BESSIE OGILVIE is transferred from the ladies' blouse department to the trimmings.

MISS MAE DOHERTY, who was recently appointed buyer of the hosiery and glove department, returned from the east after a three weeks' trip.

Much Musical Talent Uncovered Among Edmonton Store Staff

Successful Concert Staged by H.B.A.A.

A MOST enjoyable concert was held last month in the Hudsonia dining rooms at the store, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Amusement and Athletic Association. Over two hundred members and their friends were present.

The programme was excellently rendered, each number being very well received by those present. Most of the artists were members of the staff, the only exception being Miss Cuff and Mr. R. L. Bateman, who were kind enough to give their services.

Miss Cuff rendered the "Valley of Laughter" in perfect style, and she was ably accompanied by Miss Francis Farrants. Mr. R. L. Bateman was in his usual happy vein, and his splendid voice was much in evidence in "Tommy Lad," whilst to show his versatility he followed with a monologue entitled "A Man With a Single Hair." He also portrayed "Uriah Heap" from Dickens' famous book, "David Copperfield." Mr. Fisher, leader of the orchestra, is a member of the Hudson's Bay staff, and it was through his good offices that the other members of the orchestra kindly consented to attend.

The talent displayed by members of the staff was a revelation to a good many, and whilst all were very good particular mention must be made of Mrs. Slark, Miss Crowther, Mr. C. Digney, and Mr. T. Crockett, who rendered their songs in beautiful style, whilst Miss Moffatt gave a very pleasing recitation. Another item of outstanding merit was a violin solo (selections from Il Trovatore) by Mr. C. S. Stapells, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Stapells.

A word of praise must be accorded to Miss Moore, of the music department, who acted as accompanist to most of the artists. Her work was very fine in this connection, and with her sister, she rendered a pianoforte duet in fine style, the number being a distinct acquisition to the programme.

Health of Employees Guarded at Edmonton Retail

THE Company has provided a large cheerful restroom for the convenience of the women employees of the Edmonton store, suitably equipped with couches, chairs, medicine and every requisite necessary for rendering first aid to the injured, or giving medical attendance to any member of the staff who may become ill.

In many instances, a slight indisposition, promptly treated, means a saving of valuable time to the Company, as well as avoiding the inconvenience of a diminished staff.

In case of an accident or illness of a serious nature to an employee, medical attention is given by the Staff Physician. The patient is conveyed to the hospital or home, where every attention is given to their care and comfort, and daily information is received regarding the patient's progress.

Even the strongest among us may at times grow weary of the monotony of every-day life, then it is that we are comforted by a sympathetic smile or word of encouragement.—*E. A. MacKenna, Store Nurse.*

They Sing Away "Blues" Each A.M. At Edmonton Retail

BEGINNING November 1st, employees of the Retail Store gather together on the main floor at 8.45 each morning for community singing, lasting for fifteen minutes. Popular and patriotic songs, under the capable direction of Mr. Bateman, a well-known singer in the city, are rendered each morning. This is not an innovation, as many of the leading department stores across the border already have this daily community singing for their employees. However, it is without doubt the first time in the history of the Company's stores, and as far as we know, in Canada, that a departmental store has attempted anything of this nature.

Second Successful Dance Held by H.B.A.A.

THE Hudson's Bay Amusement Association held their second dance of the season in Memorial hall, October 21st, Boyle's Imperial orchestra furnished the music to the eighteen dance numbers which were on the programme.

The members of the committee who were present included Mr. P. A. Stone president of the association; Mrs. Webster, Miss L. Warham, Mrs. Wynn, Mr. H. W. Locker and Mr. P. Plowman. Dances will be held monthly throughout the season.

A Good Bag of Birds in Sunny Alberta

MR. ROBINSON, buyer for the drug section of the store (first at the right of above group) must have located the hunter's paradise during the Fall shooting. His party bagged so many prairie chickens and partridge, they could scarcely load them into the bus. Too bad our photo came down so small that the smiles of the bunch are almost lost.

THE BEAVER

(*Continued from Page 19*)

a place that sounds hollow, then cut a hole through: next, with stakes he makes a fence across the tunnel, while the hunter's assistant breaks open the house or works a stick down through its centre, scaring the beaver out into the tunnel to the hole already cut. Then the beaver may be gaffed out or clubbed on the head. In this way every beaver wanted is secured and those not wanted are liberated. If it is only intended to select the large skins then the house is not broken, but the stick shoved in through the top to scare the animal out, leaving the house intact for the remaining beaver to go back to.

(*To be continued*)

WORK

A Song of Triumph

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

—*Angela Morgan.*

EDMONTON LAND OFFICE NEWS

Much Public Interest in Company's Edmonton Home-Building Programme

By MR. HENDERSON

THE Company's Housing Scheme referred to in the October issue of this magazine has created much interest in Edmonton and is a common topic of discussion of the public generally; but most particularly of those who are wishful to have up-to-date houses.

Judging by the many enquirers who have obtained particulars of the Company's terms of sale, and the many others who have inspected the houses for themselves, there is a genuine demand for the class of houses being erected by the Company and now approaching completion, more than for such as were erected in pre-war years, but it is evident to a considerable degree that there are many who as yet do not realize or are not reconciled to economic conditions so different from those when building operations were more general in the city before the economic change took place.

The external appearance and the planning of the houses meet with much approval, and it is admitted the construction and workmanship are such as have been seldom achieved and never surpassed in this kind of property. Weather conditions this fall have been ideal for builders and contractors.

Many of the Company's vacant lots in this city are being leased at a nominal rent for cultivation, with the result that garden produce and some grain are grown second to none in the province. The soil on the Company's Reserve is ideal for raising vegetables.

CALGARY

NEWS and Views of Happenings at the Company's Establishments in Calgary, Alberta.

NOTE—Contributors kindly send all reports for this Department to Associate Editor, F. R. Reeve, H.B.C. Retail, Calgary

THE Calgary H.B.C. family extends to all comrades in the service a very hearty Xmas Greeting coupled with sincere wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year.

Calgary store feels that a strong vote of thanks is due *The Beaver* for the good work it has accomplished in bringing together, through its pages, the far flung families in the Hudson's Bay Service. Great work *Beaver,* may you double in size by Xmas 1921!!
—*Calgary H.B.C.*

SANTALAND is a blaze of lights and fairy colors. Toys and books of every description, Santa will have some time selecting for the kiddies.

MISS M. GIRARD the new buyer for the art needle work department is surely winning the hearts of the staff. Her department looks bright and cheery with a nice assortment of Xmas suggestions. She is ably assisted by Miss Peters.

THE CURLING season has opened full swing in Calgary. A competition for the season 1920-21 is now being played with 8 rinks, 32 players from the Calgary store. Many braw Scots including our general manager, Mr. J. M. Gibson, are included as well as English, Canadian, American and Sein Feiners. Many comments have been made on the wonderful skill shown in the game by the leader of the Irish party in the person of our store superintendent, Mr. John McGuire.

MRS. JENNER, who has been buying the blouses and children's wear for the past eighteen months is leaving us, to the regret of all those who were associated with her in business.

MR J. F. TRAINOR becomes a member of the reportorial staff of *The Beaver* for the fifth floor.

MISS SHARBECK, who has been in the millinery department for two years, has taken to herself a husband and gone to live in Vancouver. Previous to her leaving the city, her co-workers gave her a surprise party one night.

MR. J. G. SPRUNT, floor manager of the second floor completed ten years' service recently without ever having been once absent from business except on regular holidays. He attributes his good health and fitness to his liking for golf, which he recommends to every one who desire to keep themselves in good condition.

The Turnover's the Thing

IF you had $500 in cash you would place it as soon as possible where it would earn a profit, wouldn't you?

You wouldn't put it in an old sock and then tuck it away on a shelf? Of course you wouldn't.

There really isn't much difference, so far as earning capacity is concerned, between $500 worth of stock lying idle on a shelf and $500 in cash lying idle in an old sock.

Certainly there isn't, and you say no sensible person would tuck away $500 in a sock.

But how about the buyer who permits $500 worth of stock to idle away its time on a shelf?

Isn't he just as foolish as the man who tucks away his cash?

Just take a look at your own shelves to-day. Are you sure you haven't stock tucked away that hasn't moved for six months? If you haven't you are one of a comparatively few exceptions.

But there is no reason why either you or any other merchants should give storage to merchandise that is not in sufficient demand to pay for its keep.

"And This Is What I Said"

Our Daddy Sprunt, he says to me
Says he the other day,
The Christmas Number's coming out
Now what have you to say.

We've got the Christmas spirit,
Tho the Country's dry they say,
Some folks must know it's wet in spots,
That's why they're feeling gay.

Our Mr. Ross has lovely hats
For all the girls in town
And O'Byrne has invented
A Santa Claus shignon.

And Mrs. Clark has dresses
That will please a dainty maid,
If you cannot choose between them
Consult Belfrey "Ladies Aid."

Mrs. Mac has Christmas furs,
As warm and cosy quite
As Mrs. Jenners waists are sheer,
They fill you with delight.

But in the spot called "No Man's Land"
MacDonald's fair domain,
With sweaters, corsets, lingerie,
You'll come and you'll remain.

Now come and see us all real soon,
And do your shopping here,
For we'll wish you Merry Christmas
And a very Bright New Year.

A. Adshead.

Calgary Store Successful With Clever Xmas Advertising Plan

CALGARY store followed out a novel plan of Xmas Advertising this month, an idea that has proven a decided success.

Commencing two weeks before the arrival of Santa Clause, daily letters were run in the papers from Santa Claus to all the children. At the end of the first week these letters culminated in a half page advertisement which fully outlined the plan, inviting all children to fill out a coupon with their name and address, in order that they might be invited to a Xmas Party to be held in the store, of 200 or 250 children every day until Xmas. The second week's campaign consisted of daily letters leading up to Santa's arrival on the Saturday morning. Many thousands of children greeted him in a space of eight blocks which was the official route. No overcrowding here as in other years.

At the time of writing over 6000 children have written in to the Advertising department and the daily Xmas Parties will be held each afternoon, until Xmas Eve.

Parents are requested to accompany their children and seats are found for them around the walls of the room. Admission tickets are 15c for each child, and include ice cream, cake, chocolate and a balloon. Santa Claus is found sitting on a raised dais in the centre, and he visits each child during the party to ascertain their wants for Xmas.

Each child receives a personal letter signed by Santa Claus. These letters name the day, date and time at which each child is to come, there is therefore no confusion or overcrowding.

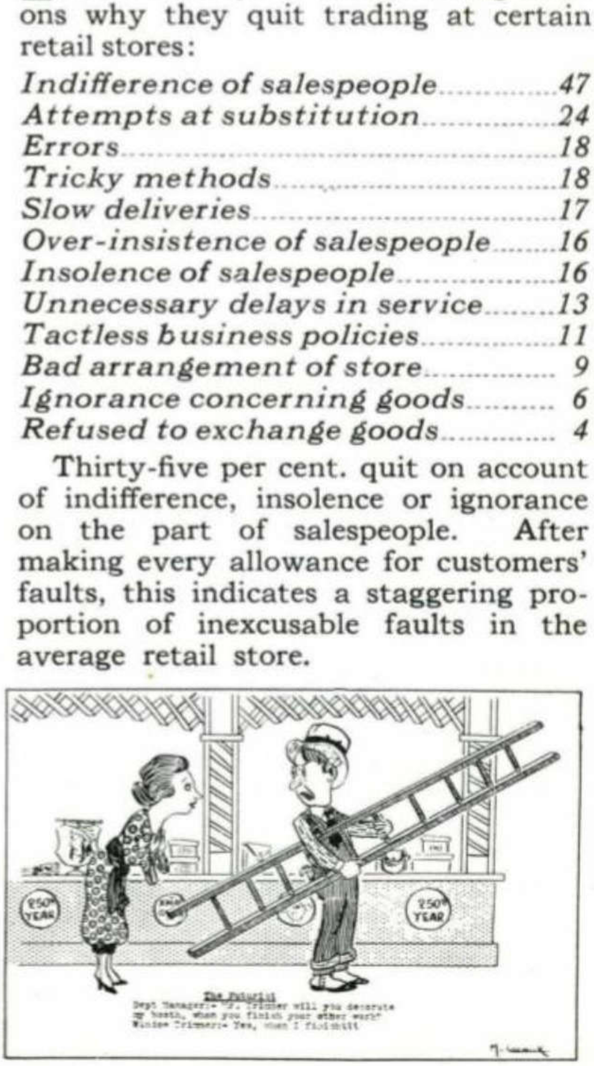
It is estimated that by Xmas Eve 6200 children will have attended these Parties, and over 5000 mothers will have attended with them on the different days, and finally the 15c admission for each child has made the whole scheme practically self supporting.

Why Stores Lose Trade

INVESTIGATION among 197 households develops in the following reasons why they quit trading at certain retail stores:

Indifference of salespeople	*47*
Attempts at substitution	*24*
Errors	*18*
Tricky methods	*18*
Slow deliveries	*17*
Over-insistence of salespeople	*16*
Insolence of salespeople	*16*
Unnecessary delays in service	*13*
Tactless business policies	*11*
Bad arrangement of store	*9*
Ignorance concerning goods	*6*
Refused to exchange goods	*4*

Thirty-five per cent. quit on account of indifference, insolence or ignorance on the part of salespeople. After making every allowance for customers' faults, this indicates a staggering proportion of inexcusable faults in the average retail store.


250th YEAR
250th YEAR
The Futurist
Dept Manager:- "Mr. Trimmer will you decorate my booth, when you finish your other work"
Window Trimmer:- Yes, when I finish it

VANCOUVER

NEWS and Views of Happenings at the Company's Establishments in Vancouver, B.C.

NOTE—Contributors kindly send all reports for this Department to Associate Editor, F. S. Garner, H.B.C. Retail, Vancouver.

H.B.E.A. Starts Off Season With Snappy Whist Drive

A WHIST drive in connection with above was held in the small dining room of the store (by kind permission of the management) on Saturday evening, November 19th, about 75 taking part in the games.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, at the close of which light refreshments were served. The prizes were presented by Miss Currie (buyer of whitewear) and were won by Mrs. Forsyth, first ladies'; Mrs. Morton, second ladies'; Miss Bryant, consolation; Mr. Marten, first gentlemen's; Mr. Forsyth, second gentlemen's; Mr. Englemen, consolation.

On the committee in charge of arrangements were Miss Andrew, Miss McLaren, Miss Paull, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Bucknall; Mr. Clarke, Mr. Dale, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Elcock, Mr. Rudstan, Mr. Chas. Skelly, chairman.

Join the H.B. Welfare and Be Protected

By THOMAS WILKINSON

WHILE the increase in the membership during the past twelve months is most gratifying, still the number expected has not been reached and a special drive will be made between now and the time of general meeting to bring the membership up to the expected. If you are not yet a member you should join at once, the cost is small but the benefits are great.

Financially, the Association is a quarter of a thousand dollars better off than it was this time last year; this too, in spite of the heavy demand made upon it through sickness and death claims—a condition brought about solely through the rigid economy practised by the executive committee.

THE Chalmers swimming pool is being used on Wednesday evenings for the members of the H.B.E.A. The Staff is taking full advantage of the opportunity to enjoy "the beach at midwinter." By the end of the season we look for this popular pool to be crowded to its utmost capacity.

OBJECT lessons are a good thing under certain conditions. In storekeeping they're the best teacher.

We're continually holding up the object lessons in merchandising, exemplifying to the buying public that it's possible to buy the very highest grade of merchandise at prices that are as low as if not lower than you'll have to pay elsewhere for an admittedly inferior quality.

From the very inception of this organization we've made it a point to sell merchandise that would not only sustain our reputation but enhance it.

That's why in every transaction the name Hudson's Bay Company is synonymous with quality—individuality and exclusiveness—why this store is daily surpassing all previous records for corresponding periods.

THE NEW EMPLOYEE is welcome to our store family. We are glad to have you with us, and don't forget you are entitled to all the assistance you need. Ask the older fellow workers for assistance. The floor manager will always be pleased to help you.

WE PROMOTE OURSELVES! It's up to you and me! Are we rising or rattling?

It shouldn't be necessary to say that chewing gum is not in harmony with the spirit of the Hudson's Bay Company organization.

EVERY EMPLOYEE should be in his or her section at 8.25 a.m.

NO ONE needs education so much as the person who thinks they know it all. The chief purpose of education is to teach us our shortcomings.

Unique Advantage of H.B.C. Buyers

To Go Into World's Markets With Prestige and Power of Unsullied Credit is Big Help, says Vancouver Merchandise Manager.

By A. J. WATSON

I WONDER if all the buyers in the service fully appreciate the enviable position they hold as buyers and sellers of merchandise? Do they realize that they participate in a wonderful heritage, a heritage handed down through the centuries, by men of wonderful courage, integrity and loyalty?

When accepting a buyer's position with the Company, do they sense the fact that they enter into their duties with assets second to none in the world, already provided. First of all the very name of H.B.C. is one that is spoken of with the greatest respect in every quarter of the globe, a name that stands supreme for fair dealing, integrity, vast interests and high quality merchandise.

Our buyers should go into the great merchandising centres with a feeling that even should their individual purchases be small, they can, by the very name of the Company they represent, command the respect and utmost consideration at the hands of those with whom they are dealing.

They should be able to buy as keenly as any buyers on the continent. Having no worries relative to meeting invoices, or any of the embarrassing moments incidental to shortage of capital, they can give their individual attention to the selection of goods. They should be able to demand discounts not enjoyed by many other firms.

As to selling, we all recognize that well bought merchandise must be well sold to make the transaction satisfactorily complete. Here again the buyer who is also the seller starts in with tremendous advantages. First of all, there is the Company's unsullied reputation for "square dealing," and the selling of only "Seal of Quality" merchandise, a prestige with the buying public which has no equal in the world. The buyer is provided with the most up-to-date facilities with which to dispose of his merchandise—modern store buildings, up to the minute equipment, and a selling staff which, I believe, can be claimed as the best in Canada.

Therefore if the buyer has the ability to buy the merchandise the Company's clients require, the selling of which will continue to build up and enhance all possible the Company's prestige, their position as I have already said is an enviable one.

H.B.C. buyers must remember that during the past five years we, as buyers, combing the markets for our requirements, have had to swallow many bitter pills, but the tide is turning, and we must appreciate fully that we are a greater power in the markets to-day than we were in 1914. It is up to us to take our rightful place in the great markets of the world, and in the life of Canada as a whole.

Eat a Prune

By L. F. Spitzbart

If you're as blue as indigo, and find it hard to smile,
If you think that life is empty, and to live is not worth while,
If consolation makes you worse,
And you crave to ride in a hearse,
Bear in mind this little verse, and
Eat a Prune.

If your house is not insured, and it burns down to the ground,
If you lose a million dollars where it never can be found,
If you're beat up by your wife,
And your joys all turn to strife—
Take a brand new lease on life,
Eat a Prune.

If you love a lady madly, and someone beat your time,
If you buy stock at a quarter, and it drops down to a dime,
If you're so hot and dry
That you think you're going to die—
You can live on if you try,
Eat a Prune.

For a prune will knock a bunion; it will stop your falling hair,
It's the milestone to happiness on the road from grief and care,
It is wholesome, it is cheap
It won't perish, but will keep,
It will work, too, while you sleep—
Eat a Prune.

What Did People Think of the Anniversary Brochure?

In Addition to Universal Commendation and Appreciation by H.B.C. Staffs—Government Officials, Business Men and Prominent Citizens Have Words of Praise for this Distinctive Book

IT would demand of us the total space of several issues of *The Beaver* to reproduce in full the encomiums on the Company's 250th Anniversary Brochure, expressed by members of the staff everywhere, by good friends and constant customers of the Company and others.

Aside from the Company's own staff, government officials of the divers provinces; barristers, ministers, merchants, writers and high executives of many great business enterprises and corporations all over the continent have written in appreciation and praise of the Book. They speak of its beauty, historical value and the quality of the production itself, which is so significant of the Company's traditional policy.

Below we reproduce extracts from a few of the letters received in acknowledgment of the Brochure:

From Dominion Officials

I am desired by the Governor-General to convey His Excellency's thanks to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for their very kind gift of the beautiful edition of "The Hudson's Bay Company 1670-1920," which His Excellency is most pleased to accept and is very much interested in having as a souvenir of the Company.—*(Signed) Arthur F. Haden, Private Secretary, Government House, Ottawa.*

I appreciate your sending me a copy of the book issued to commemorate the 250th Anniversary of the grant of the Royal Charter to the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is indeed a fitting record of the worthy achievements of the Company, and I am sure I will read it with a great deal of interest.—*(Signed) W. W. Cory, Deputy Minister, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.*

Mr. E. Deville, surveyor general, thanks the Company for the copy kindly presented to him of the volume, "The Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1920," issued to commemorate the 250th Anniversary of the grant of the Royal Charter.—*(Signed) E. Deville, LL.D., Surveyor General, Ottawa, Ont.*

I wish to acknowledge and thank you most sincerely for your courtesy in sending me the beautiful brochure published by your Company in connection with its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

This is of peculiar interest to me, as living for many years in Western Canada, I am perhaps more familiar than most with the history and operations of the Hudson's Bay Company.—*(Signed) J. G. Rutherford, Member, Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada Ottawa, Ont.*

From Provincial Officials

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor to acknowledge receipt of the volume, "The Hudson's Bay Company 1670-1920."

His Excellency desires me to thank your Company for their courtesy in sending this volume, which is very interesting to him, and which he is very pleased to accept.—*(Signed) Capt. J. Hamilton, Private Secretary, Government House, St. John's, Newfoundland.*

Hon. G. H. Murray desires me to thank you for this very interesting and instructive book and for the kindness and thoughtfulness of the Hudson's Bay Company in sending him a copy.—*(Signed)M. Macpherson, Private Secretary to the Premier, Halifax, N.S.*

Allow me to send my most thankful acknowledgment of the valuable and interesting souvenir of your 250th Anniversary. Sir William Schooling relates in a fascinating way the story of those daring explorers who faced untold hardships and the dangers of the unknown, thus helping the Hudson's Bay Company to attain universal fame. With him I agree when he claims that such explorations have contributed towards the foundation of the Northwest and have led to the growth of large cities. The names of those stout-hearted men well deserve to be perpetuated in our history, and the Hudson's Bay Company must be commended for the spirit which prompted their commemoration of so glorious an Anniversary.—*(Signed) H. A. Taxhman, Office of the Prime Minister, Province of Quebec.*

I am desired by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor to request you to be so kind as to express to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company His Honor's appreciation of their courtesy in forwarding him a copy of a volume entitled "The Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1920," which he will always prize.—*(Signed) H. J. S. Muskett, Private Secretary, Government House, Victoria, B.C.*

Kindly convey to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company my sincere thanks for placing this beautiful volume at my disposal, which I have much pleasure in accepting and will read same with a great deal of interest. —(*Signed*) *E. C. Drury, Office of the Prime Minister and President of the Council, Ontario.*

I am honored by directions from His Honor the Lieut-Governor to acknowledge the receipt of the volume entitled, "The Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1920." His Honor wishes to thank the Hudson's Bay Company for this very fine volume, which is a very valuable addition to his Library.—(*Signed*) *Major B. T. Stafford, Secretary to Lieut.-Governor, Government House, Edmonton.*

From Merchants and High Executives of Great Firms

There are not many, or any, concerns still extant who can refer to their 250th Anniversary, and justifiable pride may be taken in commemorating such circumstances. The book is an exceedingly handsome one and I am pleased indeed to have a copy. Please accept my thanks. —(*Signed*) *R. H. McMaster, The Steel Company of Canada Ltd., Montreal, Que.*

I wish to thank you for the beautiful copy of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, issued on the occasion of the 250th Anniversary of the grant of the Royal Charter for your wonderful Company.—(*Signed*) *W. W. Butler, Canadian Car and Foundry Company Ltd., Montreal, Que.*

Thank you for the very interesting booklet which your Company has issued giving the history of same also some very interesting information as to fur-bearing animals,etc.— (*Signed*) *A. D. McTier, Vice-President, Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal, Que.*

I was delighted to receive your Anniversary book, and appreciate very much your remembering me. It is certainly a wonderful work.— (*Signed*) *Fred Beal, T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Winnipeg.*

The work is a most excellent one, and will be highly prized by the writer. I am in no way able to reciprocate in kind, for obvious reasons, but I shall look for an opportunity of reciprocating in some other manner the favor you do me in remembering me with this excellent production.—(*Signed*) *C. L. Burton, Robert Simpson Company Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

Many thanks for the beautiful illustrated book of the Hudson's Bay Company. I will take great pleasure in reading the book and adding it to my library.—(*Signed*) *D. Lorne McGibbon, Montreal, Que.*

I wish to express my appreciation for the very beautiful and instructive volume. I anticipate with pleasure an opportunity to study its pages and further acquaint myself with the history of the Hudson's Bay company.—(*Signed*) *Jesse Isidor Straus, President, R. H. Macy & Co. Inc., New York., U.S.A.*

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Company's brochure, and am delighted with the excellent production.—(*Signed*) *J. A. H. Kuzel, The Finance Securities Company, Cleveland, U.S.A.*

The work contains a lot of useful information, and is a valuable addition to any library.— (*Signed*) *F. W. Drewry, E. L. Drewry Co. Ltd., Winnipeg.*

Sir Edmund Walker is very much honored by the receipt of the book in question, which is in every way a superb production.—(*Signed*) *Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.*

I wish to acknowledge receipt of Hudson's Bay Company 250th Anniversary book. It is certainly most interesting and valuable.— (*Signed*) *R. L. Innes, General Manager, Dominion Canners, Hamilton, Ont.*

Receipt is acknowledged of the History of the Hudson's Bay Company, which you were kind enough to send me. I have looked through this with very much interest and have read quite a good deal of it. It is really a fascinating story of adventure and discovery.—(*Signed*) *Lee K. Frankel, Third Vice-President, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., New York City.*

I wish to acknowledge your thoughtful gift of a copy of the publication issued by your Company in commemoration of its 250th Anniversary. It is very interesting indeed and will serve to beguile many a leisure moment, because the story is one which everyone should be familiar with.—(*Signed*) *Geo. Edwards, Imperial Munitions Board, Toronto.*

The book is most handsomely gotten up and full of interesting information, and I appreciate the opportunity of having one in my collection of books.—(*Signed*) *A. W. McLimont, Winnipeg Electric Ry., Electric Railway Chambers, Winnipeg.*

A Mayor, a Judge, a School Principal and Will H. Hays

I am delighted with the copy of the story of the Hudson's Bay Company activities since the granting of the Charter by King Charles II. I have read this with the greatest interest, and appreciate thoroughly your sending me the beautiful copy.—(*Signed*) *Will H. Hays, Republican Party National Committee, New York City.*

I beg to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the most beautiful volume published of the Hudson's Bay Company which you have been kind enough to send me for which I thank you most sincerely. —(*Signed*) *M. Martin, Mayor of Montreal.*

I have to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the book entitled "The Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1920; by Sir William Schooling." This book, beautiful in appearance and instructive and interesting in its matter, is indicative of the high standard set by your Company in all things.—(*Signed*) *P. S. Lamoman, Judge County Court, Victoria, B.C.*

Please accept my most sincere thanks for the brochure, as I feel that this will be a valuable addition to our school library.—(*Signed*) *D. L. Maclaurin, Principal, Provincial Normal School, Victoria, B.C.*

VERNON, B.C. STORE NEWS

FOUND!

The Aftermath and Sequel

OVERJOYED at the return of the three lost hunters, Messrs. Pout, Watson, and Mayes, of the Vernon store, the staff poet, Mr. Tom Bone, was inspired to write the "jingle" given below. The regular social event each month, when the entire staff visits the home of Store Manager Pout, is always a jolly affair, but last month's visit outdid all previous attempts.

The feature of the evening was the commiseration of the hunters on their failure to supply the staff with venison. Miss Gladys Cridland set Mr. Bone's jingle to music and sang it with him. They were interrupted at the end of each "spasm" with loud applause and roars of laughter, in which the hunters good naturedly joined. After the song, a pleasing ceremony took place. Miss Mabel Strange made a few very appropriate and heartfelt remarks and then presented each of the "lost-and-found" hunters with a cardboard deer pendant, beautifully hand-cut and painted from some waste window cards, by the staff artist, Mr. J. E. Andrews. Mr. Pout, on behalf of the trio, feelingly responded, voicing their thanks and appreciation of the thoughtfulness that prompted the gift of the little "deers."—*J.E.A.*

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
The day was damp and cold,
Three strong men went a-hunting
For deer, so we are told.
They started out for Lumby,
And their hopes were high and bright;
We'll get those deer by gosh, by gum,
Or we'll stay out there all night.

They bought some gum, they bought some rum,
They bought some thick socks, too;
They bought some shot, they bought some shell,
And they bragged what they would do.

And so in the morning when they should have been in bed,
They wound up their Lizzie but the jigger went dead;
With a rumble and a grumble and a curse quite blue
They went and got another, for they did have two.

They landed on the hunting ground
And all was bright and gay.
With trails to left and trails to right,
And trails the other way.

The day wore on, the light gave out,
The hunt began to pall;
Just one more try, said one of them,
For something's sure to fall.
Then something fell, it was a fog,
And then two feet of snow;
They lost their way, they had no grog,
There was no place to go.

Then one cried out, "We've gone too far,
I guess we'll ne'er be found."
The other said, "Dunno where we are,
Lets lie here on the ground."

Lost, lost, lost, with little warning,
And all exposed to the sky;
Oh, what a difference in the morning,
Hungry, cold and dry.

. . . . . .

Now, friends, pray heed the moral—do,
When next inclined to roam,
Take grub and grog and blankets too,
And remember the "dears" at home.
—*T.B.*

WE ARE GLAD to welcome Mr. Beattie, buyer of the hardware department, back to our happy family. Owing to injuries sustained overseas he has been confined to the hospital for a few days. The boys are still paying the price.

MISS THATCHER, of the hosiery department, made the request to our buyer recently that he place an order for black children's cotton hose, but there not being a sufficient number of darkies in town he didn't think it expedient.

MISS REDGRAVE, of the boot department, has expressed a desire recently to train as a nurse. We are wondering which ward she is aiming for, adult or juvenile.

AT OUR SEWING CIRCLE, Christmas gifts are in the making. Miss Gray is very diligent but what she is working at is creating suspicion. We wonder if "Charlie" and a "bottom drawer" are not the ultimate destination of these so-called Christmas gifts?

"TELL THEM I'm busy," says Mr. Andrews these days from the depths of Toyland. To hear him chuckle as he winds up mechanical toys and watches their gyrations, one can quite believe it. He is no believer in the old adage, "Childhood days are passing o'er us."

E. E. SEYMOUR, the Company's expert Lizzie driver, is back once again after being confined to his home with a bad touch of pleurisy.

H.B.C. Vernon Accountant Winning Fame as an Author

Robert Watson, Esq.

ROBERT WATSON was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1882. He started school when quite a "wee man," passing through Pollok and Shawlands academies in Glasgow. He is a bursar of both schools, winning the senior scholarship at the latter.

Mr Watson left his native shores for Canada in the spring of 1908, passing right through to Vancouver. He commenced work in his adopted country with George H. Cottrell, remaining with him until the fall of 1917. In November of the same year he joined the Company's service as accountant at their Vernon branch.

In his early days he was prominent in every kind of outdoor sport, and is the proud possessor of numerous cups and medals which he won on different occasions. While keenly interested in sport, he always found time to study English literature and, from his early boyhood days, had a bent for "takin' notes" which, as he grew older developed into a desire to become an author. In his spare time he worked persistently for years gathering material and practicing the art with this object in view.

His first book, "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," which was published in the fall of 1918, was very well received and had since enjoyed wide publicity. It is now in its fifth edition—ten thousand copies having been sold in Canada alone. It is now in reprint in Canada and the U.S. with an edition of 25,000 copies.

Robert Watson's second book, "The Girl of O.K. Valley," published last year, has also sold well, and the question of the moving picture rights is now under consideration. While his two previous books assured of his name becoming widely known among book lovers, his latest book, "Stronger Than His Sea," which has been on the market only a few months, is meeting with widespread approval by all who have read this inspiring and clean-cut story taken from real life and portraying boyhood adventures in which Mr. Watson participated.

WE ARE GLAD to welcome back Miss Georgina Cameron, of the house furnishings department, who has been absent several weeks owing to a weak heart. We are not sure whether this originated from overwork or disappointment. The wound, however, is healed. Georgie is looking rosy and plump and a wee bird recently whispered that there is possible heartease relief in sight from another quarter.

Mr. Pout—"Say, Ed., do me up two pounds of Spanish onions. That is my favourite fruit, you know. I take an onion with me to bed every night to munch as I read the paper."

Ed.—"Gee! I wouldn't like to sleep with you."

The Big Sister Spirit at Vernon

THAT the true spirit of fellow-feeling exists among the staff at Vernon is evidenced by the fact that the girl members of the store have organized a "Sisters' Sewing Circle." This originated about three months ago at the home of Miss Mabel Strange (assistant buyer in the dry goods department) when a kitchen shower was held in honour of Miss Edith Belgrove, whose wedding was mentioned in the last issue of *The Beaver*.

The girls meet every Wednesday evening from 8 to 10.30, at the home of each one in rotation as agreed upon on the night of the previous meeting. Each meeting night, until Christmas, the girls will be busy making useful Christmas gifts, and after Christmas no doubt many articles will be made for the near or far-distant "happy event."

Miss Ivy Harrison, who has not yet considered the serious idea of matrimony, reads for one hour from some interesting book which may appeal to the feminine mind. Refreshments are served during the evening. All this tends towards furthering the happy social spirit.

A levy of five cents per week is made, which it is proposed to disburse for a special evening at the end of the winter season.

Miss Mabel Strange, who is a real girls' girl, is the mother of them all and, as she recently stated, it is wonderful how much better each girl, working day by day in the same store, can really get to understand the other in after-business hours.—*H. Pout.*

Lethbridge Store News

MRS. TULLOCK, recently employed in the house furnishings and toys, is to be complimented for the way she keeps the tables and amuses the kiddies.

MRS. STIVENS has been recently employed in the ready-to-wear department.

MR. J. BREHLER has succeeded Mr. George Shirley as manager of the grocery department. Mr. Brehler and family came from Fernie, B.C., and we understand they had to buy a home in order to get a place to live in. Our city is like other cities, it needs a few more homes. That housing plan at Edmonton is a good thing, if the back doors are not too close.

MR. THOMPSON, manager of the men's furnishings, has recently joined the staff.

MISS MARGARET KIRK, who was with the Company four years, left the service to be married. Before departing for Detroit, to make her new home, she was presented with a beautiful cake plate by the staff.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB painted the boat house this year. The young women helped, and the job was finished in record time.

MR. SHIRLEY, manager of the grocery department, who left us some time ago to take up similar duties in Calgary, has been greatly missed by the staff and he has the good wishes of us all for a successful business and social life in Calgary.

MISS POLLY SUMNER, who was in the dry goods department over four years, was married on the 17th November to Mr. Basil Chaplin, of the Canadian Pacific railway staff, in St. Mary's church. The staff presented the bride with a beautiful Irish linen table cover and serviettes.

MISS GARRISON, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has joined us in the office, and we wish her success.

THE NEW mahogany wardrobes lately installed in the men's clothing department add greatly to the appearance of the department. The hat fixture, with drawers underneath, gives the men's section a real hat department, and is a great improvement to the store.

Kamloops, B.C., Store News

THE Kamloops Store was favored by a visit from three officials of the Company in October, namely, Mr. Jennings, manager of the London office; Mr. Lecky, of the Winnipeg executive department, and Mr. Hughes, tea and coffee specialist for the Company at Winnipeg.

MISS LARSEN, of the crockery department, has returned to business after a very pleasant two weeks' holidays in Ontario.

MR. MADILL, manager of the shoe department, has received his diploma as an expert on practipedics.

MR. MUNN, manager of the grocery department, has returned after attending the assizes in Kamloops.

MR. KNAPP, manager of the house furnishing department, attended the Kamloops assizes. He claims that it pays a fellow to do so. He found ten cents in the juror's room the first day—it was sure George's lucky day.

THE STORE has recently opened a rest room for the female staff, which is certainly appreciated by them.

THE SOUND of wedding bells can be heard in the distance, and it is expected the Kamloops store will be losing a couple more of the staff soon.

MISS F. A. HEWSON spent a week's vacation at the Coast.

The Polar Bear

POLAR bears depend largely on hair seal for food, but eat also sea-weed, grass, small fish and walrus. They fight mostly with their teeth, not with their paws, as do other bears. Their size is often enormous, some skins measuring as much as 13 feet long. The polar bear does not climb trees. The female hibernates only to have young, while the male will stay out to hunt food for the mother. His color is almost that of the snow. The one black spot is his nose which causes him much inconvenience as, for instance, when he lies down at a seal air-hole to wait for his prey to come up for air. He has to put one of his big white paws over his nose, so that there is no unusual color to attract the seal's attention and scare him away.—*C.F.*

Celebrations at Fur Trade Posts

By Our Staff Correspondents

THE 250th Anniversary Celebration was successfully conducted at Trout Lake, Severn and Weenusk Posts, Hudson Bay, by District Manager Christie Harding, who voyaged down the coast from his headquarters at York Factory to direct the ceremonies. At Severn Post, on the morning of August 15th, Mr. Harding called the natives together—about 200 in all—and delivered the following address:

"I have called you together so that I may convey to you greetings from the Hudson's Bay Company—the Company which you and your fathers have so faithfully served. This year is the Company's 250th Birthday. When a son is born to you there is great rejoicing in the family. We are the children of the Company, and this is their birthday.

"I ask you to come, rejoice and make merry. For 250 years the Company has been with you, and in good times and in hard times has been a father to you. It has not only for hundreds of years brought in guns, tobacco and clothing for you, and your forefathers, so that you could hunt and live, but it has also brought you the blessings of the church—missionaries who have taught you good from evil and right from wrong. When the Company first came among you, you were the wild children of the wilderness, but today you are all good Indians, therefore the Company has been of great benefit to you.

"As you are aware, representatives from all the Indian tribes were called to Winnipeg to meet the Governor on this historic occasion. He came many moons across the great waters. It was his wish, so we gathered from the East, West and the North. He wished to see and shake hands with the people of whom he had heard so much and seen so little. He told us how pleased he was to see us and he thanks you all for being so faithful to the Company all these years. He made our hearts glad when he said the Company's store would stand here as long as there were Indians to trade with.

"You know the Hudson's Bay Company never broke its word with you. There has been peace between the Indian tribes of this great country and the Hudson's Bay Company, which makes it possible after 250 years to meet today in brotherly love and friendship. The Governor sends you his best wishes for a long and prosperous life, and as a mark of esteem presents medals to the most faithful of you. He cannot be here today and see you all but he has ordered a feast to be prepared for you and this you will receive when you get back to your posts. This is the message of the Hudson's Bay Company to you."

After the District Manager's address, Indians who had devoted many years of faithful service to the Company were called forward and decorated, fourteen medals being given to the Trout Lake Indians, eight medals to the Severn Indians, while eight medals were reserved for the Weenusk Indians. A great jollification, with games and merrymaking of every kind, followed.

Medalists at Point Bleu, St. Lawrence District

At Eastmain Post

DOMINION Day was selected for the celebration of the 250th Anniversary at this Post owing to its being a holiday, and all the Indians being assembled at the Post.

The weather was ideally fine. In the sports, first and second prizes were secured by Eskimo girls, members of the only Eskimo family attached to the Post. Being of very short stature, no one expected them to have a chance of securing prizes, but their surprising persevering qualities enabled them to get in ahead of the others, and all the spectators seemed very satisfied that the girls should have outrun the other competitors.

Football games occupied the greater part of the afternoon, but as the only football which they possessed was a country-made one, and not adapted to the unusual strain to which it was necessarily subjected on this occasion, it very soon gave way, and another had to be improvised. The Eskimo then came to the rescue by providing a "Dan" or inflated sealskin, which proved quite satisfactory, if one could judge from the screams of laughter which proceeded from the players as well as from the spectators.

At Cartwright, Labrador

CARTWRIGHT Post celebrated the Company's 250th Anniversary October 12th. A large number of people were present. The weather being unfavorable, some of the Company's friends at distant settlements could not attend. Tables loaded with good things were provided, and everybody voted it a "real feast," some saying that they would be enjoying two Christmases this year.

After the banquet, S. H. Parsons, Post Manager, made a short address relative to the Company's history. Rev. Hy. Gordon, M.A., followed with a speech in which in well chosen words he referred to the Company's splendid position in the world of commerce. As he was particularly interested in its Post at Cartwright, he said he had always obtained fullest satisfaction in dealing with the Company, and had implicit faith in their integrity.

Mr. Parsons then presented a gold medal with three bars to an old servant of Cartwright Post staff, Mr. James Payne. Mr. Payne has served the Company faithfully for forty-six years, and his services have been highly appreciated. Mr. Parsons called upon his wife to decorate Mr. Payne, and after much applause Mr. Payne made a lengthy address full of interest, covering years of his life in the service. Although he is 71 years of age he is still hale and hearty.

At Rupert's House Post

AFTER the adults had partaken of a very sumptuous feast, those entitled to medals were given these tokens of loyal and faithful services rendered to the Company which had raised its flag at this pioneer Post just 252 years before. It was in 1668 that the first landing was made by the Company's explorers on the Rupert's River, the Fort which was subsequently erected being called Fort Charles. One silver medal to a servant, and about a dozen bronze medals were distributed among the most loyal of our Indians, and very proud these recipients were of the honour bestowed on them by the Post manager on behalf of the Great Company.

By the time the last of our guests were being served with the repast, the rain, which has been threatening all day, commenced, putting an end to all outdoor sports. Hurried preparations were then made to decorate another building for the dancing which was demanded to properly celebrate the day's proceedings, and it was felt that though the rain terminated other amusements it should not interfere with the enjoyment of those who could participate in the dancing, which was kept up with vigour until 5 a.m.

At Temagami Post

OWING to a very busy tourist season, the celebration was not held at Temagami Post till September 28th.

The day was very fine, and the Indians turned out in full strength.

Sports began at 2 o'clock, with a "mixed doubles" canoe race, and were kept up with great enthusiasm till 6 o'clock, finishing with the "slippery pole," which caused great merriment.

Earlier in the day a writing competition for the children of the school was held, and prizes were awarded. This competition was most popular with the Indian mothers, and served to stimulate a resolve to have the children attend school more regularly.

At 6 o'clock supper was served to about 150, the manager and his wife being very ably assisted by some of the campers and tourists, who entered into the spirit of the day with keen enjoyment.

Medals and prizes were distributed to the Indians by the Post Manager, who made a short speech, telling the hunters how the great Company appreciated their loyalty in the past, and would continue to do so in the future. Much applause was heard when "Big Paul," half blind and on crutches, hobbled out to get his medal. He stood very proudly, while cheer after cheer ascended to the roof.

At Barriere Post, Ont.

THE day before the Celebration the necessary flour, lard and currants was issued to several old women to make bannock and cakes for the morrow. At 6 a.m. on the 10th of August the flag was hoisted and at about 8 a.m. the Indians, as befitting the occasion, arrived, all dressed up in their "Sunday best" together with their squaws and families, and as they arrived the Post Manager stood on the bank and welcomed them in the name of the Big White Chief who lives across the great salt lake many moons from here. As soon as they had all gathered together the feast was held on the green opposite the post.

Owing to there being no moose meat or fish, the Indians were given tinned pork and beans, tinned salmon, butter and jam. Washed down with copious quantities of tea, this fare was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the feast will be talked of for many years to come. After the feast was over every Indian was handed a plug of tobacco to smoke a pipe of peace.

In addressing them and explaining to them the reasons of this celebration the Post Manager said:

> *"My brothers, I, as representative of the Great Company, give you greetings.*
>
> *"The Company is 250 years old today. Other companies have, during the past 250 years, come and gone. They were like the chaff which the wind driveth away, but the Hudson's Bay Company is like that big rock you see over there. It cannot be moved. It is here forever.*
>
> *"The Company in past years looked after your fathers, your grandfathers, and long after you and I have gone to the happy hunting grounds this Company will still be alive. It is, my brothers, a great Company. I remember some years ago an old Indian on the Bay saying, when he heard that opposition was coming into the country:*
>
> *"You are young men, I am an old man now. The Company has looked after me all my life. They looked after my father also. Our minister tells us to do as the Bible says—that men may come and men may go—but the Hudson's Bay Company is here forever'."*

After the address, sports were held. The old wives' tug-of-war was very funny and was greatly enjoyed by all.

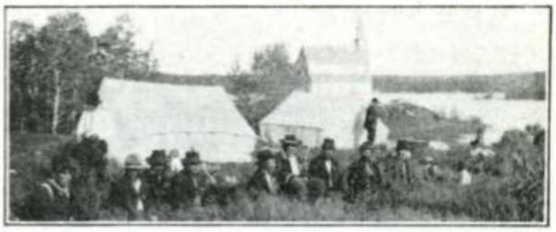
At Stanley, Sask., Post

THE 250th Anniversary was celebrated July 12th, during the visit of the treaty party.

The day was fine and all the traders (Revillon Freres, Lamson & Hubbard, and the Hudson's Bay Company) closed their shops for the day.

The first event was the decoration of the chief and his councillors with the Hudson's Bay Company's bronze medals. These were also bestowed on some of the best hunters.

The remainder of the day was devoted to sports—canoe races for men and for women; target shooting for old men and for young men, separately; men's foot race; squaw race; running light jump and long jump; hop, step and jump; football match; children's races; and tug of war.



Group of the Medalists at Stanley Post

Stanley Notes

DOMINION LAND Surveyors were at Stanley lately, surveying the villages. They left for Lac la Ronge early in October.

NEARLY ALL the Indians being away, we are busy fixing up houses for the winter. For the first time the crop of potatoes was a failure, and the oat crop was also very light.

THERE was plenty of work all summer at Stanley Post and vicinity. The Brooks Construction Company was engaged in repairing and making stables, levelling portages towards the south end of Reindeer Lake, and putting up hay at Burntwood Lake about seventy miles north; also at Lac la Ronge; but the Churchill river having been very high all summer, all the hay meadows were flooded and not half of the hay could be put up.

At Grouard Post

AT 5.00 p.m. October 11th Post Manager D. E. Guy started to receive the guests, who began to arrive in small numbers. As soon as a sufficient number had put in an appearance, Mr. Guy, in a few appropriate remarks as to the occasion of the gathering, welcomed all to the entertainment provided, as the guests of the Company. The mayor of Grouard, Mr. V. Maurice, followed up with a short speech in which he said, after a few general remarks which the occasion called for, that he looked upon the continued presence of the Company's Post in Grouard as a good omen, as he himself, as a trader, did not have any fear as to the prosperity of a town so long as the H.B.C. Post in that town remained in operation.

As the Indian Agent, Mr. H. Laird was unavoidably prevented from attending, on account of sickness in the family, Chief Estachiguan was the next speaker. The chief spoke in the Cree tongue and said that he was glad to be present at the celebration, as the Hudson's Bay Company had always been a true friend to him and his tribe. Although there had been occasions when he was obliged to trade elsewhere, on account of the long distance to be travelled to the Post, the Company had never closed the door when he was temporarily in a low state of finance. He had learned by experience, together with other Indians, that the Hudson's Bay Company would always lend a helping hand when necessity arose.

Alexander Moostoos, another old time Indian, also spoke in Cree, substantiating the remarks of the Chief.

The dining tables were arranged in the form of three sides of a square, with a seating capacity of forty. The chief attraction on the table was a cake of large proportions, bearing the inscription "250th Anniversary, 1670-1920." Mrs. Guy was called upon to make the initial knife thrust.

After the first sitting had dined, the waitresses were kept continuously on the move for six hours. At midnight a check-up showed 398 persons as having participated in the supper part of the programme. This was ultimately increased to a final total of 411.

Two violinists provided the dance music, a phonograph having been installed as an emergency. The dance lasted until midnight, the "square" being very much in request.

The attendance was very representative of the surrounding country, and may be roughly estimated as 430—20 per cent. of those present being whites, 20 per cent. Indians, and 60 per cent. half-breeds. *16th Oct.*

At Wabasca Post

THE celebration in connection with the Company's 250th Anniversary was held at Wabasca on July 27th and 28th, and was a decided success.

Indians from all parts of the country came to Wabasca to take part in the festivities, and it was the unanimous opinion that such times had never been seen in Wabasca before.

Sports of every kind were held on both days and were thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. Lunches were provided at noon, and between five and six hundred Indians assembled on the lawn in front of the manager's house and did full justice to a tempting meal.

Tea dances and feast dances were held at night and were kept up until daylight.

At the distribution of the prizes, Chief Bigstone in a speech said he wished, on behalf of all the Indians, to thank "The Company" for their generosity, and to assure them of the continued loyalty of himself and his band. Cheers were given for "The Big Company," and to the regret of all, Wabasca's first holidays came to a close. The only grievance that the Indians have is that they cannot be entertained in the same way every year, but it seemed to be consoling to them when they were informed that other celebrations would probably be held fifty years hence. *28th Sept.*

At Pas Mountain Post

THE 250th Anniversary was celebrated August 24th. The day was an ideal one for outdoor sports, being fair and sunny but not too hot.

The Shoal Lake band arrived the night before; about 250, men, women and children, portaging the last four miles from the Little Man River and they were a great sight as they arrived, the head of the house in the lead loaded down with the tent and bedding of the whole family, next his better half, invariably with a papoose on her back, and a string of little ones trailing behind.

The ceremony was staged to begin at noon. Tables were set up in the yard under the maples and elms in front of the store. Here they all gathered, and were addressed by the manager, who briefly told them the reasons for the celebration, thanked them for their support of the Company during the eight years in which he had been trading with them, and said he hoped that the same might be continued.

At Fort Vermilion

THE celebration was a great success in every way. The Crees and Beavers had two separate days of feastagn ind dancing, which was followed by sports, including horse-racing, and all of it seemed to be greatly enjoyed. The celebration was concluded by a dance given especially for the natives, but in which nearly all Vermilion took part. *4th Sept.*

At Peace River Post

IT was not considered practicable at this point to encourage extensive celebrations outside the Shaftsbury Reserve, as it would have attracted attendance of natives from districts where similar celebrations were being held at some time or other. We equipped the son of the late chief with a substantial grubstake, and through an interpreter explained the purpose of the celebrations which the Company desired them to participate in, and invited the Indians and their neighboring friends to have a big feast and make merry in the way they themselves preferred, upon their own reserve.

I am given to understand that a quiet celebration was held on the Reserve amongst the few remaining Indians and some neighboring friends.

30th Aug.

At Fort St. James, B.C.

THE Celebrations were held on the 4th November, in connection with the 250th Anniversary. The weather was ideal. There was quite a representative gathering from all the outlying points, such as Tachi and Pinche.

The Indians were gathered here attending to their devotional duties, in connection with "Big Sunday." We took this opportunity of sending out invitations to all, including the white population, who also were well represented and who entered heartily into the spirit of the affair and helped to make it a success.

Invitations had announced luncheon for noon. 10 a.m. saw the Indians beginning to arrive and gathering around, eagerly looking forward to the repast promised them. Punctually at the hour set the seating began, about seventy-five sitting down to a well-supplied table.

During the luncheon, Mr. Murray proposed the toast to "The King," which was suitably replied to by Mr. Fitzsimons. Mr. D. Hoyt next proposed the toast of the "Hudson's Bay Company" which was replied to by the Post Manager. Mr. Ferrier proposing the toast of the "Indians," was replied to by their chief, Louis Billy. The old assistant chief Joseph Prince then proposed the toast of the "White Population" (adding that the H.B.C. was here long before the white man!)

Sports Events

Running broad jump, first, Duncan; second Taddie Dominick. Hop, step and jump, first Taddie Dominick; second, Daniel Tylie. Boys' race, first, Pius; second, Patrick Agramme; 100 yards, first, Duncan Jim; second, Caesar Bird. Ladies' open, Ann Dominick, Mary Prince, dead heat. Sack race, first, Taddie Dominick; second, Leno Billy. Three-legged race, first, Leno Billy, Taddie Dominick; second, Fred Prince, Daniel Tylie. Tug-of-war, Mission vs. Village: winner, Mission. Ladies' nail driving, first, Mrs. H. E. James; second, Betsy Stephens. Wheelbarrow race, first, Fred Prince, Daniel Tylie; second, Taddie Dominick, Leno Prince. Old man's race, first, Jimmie Stevens; second, Felix; third, Dominick; fourth, Billy Louis. Potato race, first, Mary Prince; second, Jessie Felix. Indian dance, Joseph T. Lake, Cyprian.

A dance being held in the evening, every one seemed to enjoy themselves, and all went home satisfied, declaring it to have been one of the best day's sports ever held at Fort St. James.

At Babine, B.C.

DINNER was held June 30th with all the Babine and Bear Lake Indians assembled at the Post.

At one o'clock 135 men attended dinner in a suitably decorated hall. Speeches were made by manager and several Indians; 15 white customers attended. After this 35 children had their feast. At three o'clock, 50 women with babies were entertained by manager's wife in front of dwelling house, this making the total number of people entertained about 220. There was a baseball game at 4 o'clock.

NEWS OF THE FUR POSTS

Hazelton, B.C.

MR. HARRY L. WOOLISON, who has been assisting at this Post during the past year, has been transferred to the buying department at Edmonton. Mr. Woolison is greatly missed here. His place is being filled by Mr. J. W. Barker, who is expected to arrive from Babine during the coming week.

A RECENT MAIL received from the Company's Post at Telegraph Creek, B.C., came by aeroplane. Mr. Anderson (post manager) and wife received letters on one of the four American planes on their return trip from Nome to New York.

Long Lake, Ont., Post News

MR. N. FINLAYSON, H.B.M., who has seen service at this Post for over forty years, had a very narrow escape from drowning some two weeks ago when his dogs and sleigh broke through the new ice. His son, who saw the mishap, went for a canoe, but Mr. Finlayson succeeded in getting out before assistance arrived. How he managed to climb on the slippery ice is a mystery, especially as he weighs 220 pounds and is over sixty years of age. No doubt he *kept cool* and did not lose his head.

A similar instance, with a sad ending, took place on the vicinity of the Post recently, when the chief of our band of Indians broke through ice whilst crossing Fleming lake with his dogs. He and all of the dogs were drowned.

Missing "Links"

The lynx, very scarce throughout this district last outfit (year), have again failed to appear in any numbers, though the rabbits are quite plentiful again.

THE Indians have all been outfitted and away to their hunting grounds for some weeks. The fall was an exceptionally fine and dry season and the water is very low. The first issue of *The Beaver* was received with enthusiasm and will no doubt be still more appreciated when all the posts in the district get their contributions in. The brochure, received at the same time, is highly appreciated and is of absorbing interest from cover to cover. —*16th Oct.*

Nepigon House News

CAPTAIN MILLER and Engineer Tickner, of the "Jessie T," the game and fisheries patrol boat, called in last month on their way to West Bay, where the provincial government is getting speckled trout eggs, for the Port Arthur hatchery.

Dinorwic, Ont., Post News

DINORWIC Post is the scene of bustling activity these days (10th Oct.) All the Company's Indians are getting their Fall outfits, preparatory to leaving for their trapping grounds.

Chief Wm. Chief is in the St. Joseph hospital, Kenora, Ont., suffering from muscular rheumatism.

Joseph Ackabee, a returned Indian soldier of this band, who had his leg taken off by the train under which he fell, is going to Winnipeg to study telegraphy.

The Indians' children have all recovered from the measles, an epidemic of which struck the band about two months ago. No fatalities occurred.

Mr. William Watson, of Big Manitou Lake, was at the Post last week. Mr. Watson is a pioneer of the Edmonton district. While in he purchased two years' rations from the Company's store.

Mr. Clarence W. Rhind, member of the staff at this Post, is the proud father of a baby girl, born October 5th, 1920.

The Pas Post News

MR. AND MRS. C. H. M. GORDON, returning from The Mayo Hospital at Rochester, passed through The Pas on their way to Cross Lake Post. Mr. Gordon's son, Munro, accompanied them.

MR. R. HOOKER has taken his family from The Pas to Osnaburgh House.

OLD NORTHERN Ontario prospectors who are now in The Pas Mineral District were greatly interested when they heard that Steve Lafricain, manager for many years at Fort Matachewan, Huron District, had got married again. Mr. Lafricain gives his age at 85 years.

MR. H. M. S. COTTER was so well pleased with the good times he had at Prince Albert riding round in Mr. Barker's car that he has serious thoughts of requisitioning for one to be used getting round on the mud flats at Cumberland House. He thinks a car would be much better than a canoe.

MR. WM. LUNDIE has left The Pas to take charge of the post at the South End of Reindeer Lake. Mrs. Lundie and family have gone with him.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. G. B. CAMPBELL, Cedar Lake, a daughter. "Many happy returns."

MR. AND MRS. W. H. HUTTON and family spent a few weeks visiting relatives at Winnipegosis and Ste. Rose du Lac.

MR. J. A. WILSON died on August 21st at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Philip Keddie, The Pas. Mr. Wilson's many friends on the Labrador, the North Shore, and in Montreal will be sorry to hear of his death. Mr. Wilson was buried in a plot granted by the chief of The Pas Indians in the Indian cemetery at Big Eddy. The Masons of The Pas Masonic lodge had charge of the funeral arrangements.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE HARDING, JOHN MELVIN, J. NEIL, WM. MITCHELL and **ALEX. FLETT**, all of Nelson River District, passed through The Pas on their way to Winnipeg and other points on business during the past Summer.

CECIL HARRIS, of Eskimo Post, came out early in Summer to visit friends on the Atlantic coast. After a few days there he returned to Winnipeg and arranged to go to Western Arctic District, going down the Mackenzie River far enough to see the midnight sun. Here the longing to see his old friends, the moon-faced Esquimaux, at his old post north of Brochet, got the better of him, and he returned to Prince Albert anxious to get back to his old stamping ground before Winter.

MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR, of Onion Lake Post, visited their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Oakes, at The Pas Post.

Only Providential Insurance

A farmer in a small way walked into the offices of one of the great fire insurance companies and intimated that he wished to insure his barn and a couple of hay stacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office.

The man scratched his head and pondered over the matter for a little while. Eventually he answered: "Well it sometimes rains."

Fort William Dist. Office

MR. J. D. MacKENZIE, district manager, has just arrived from an extensive trip along the Canadian Government Railways, and inland as far as Lac Seul, Pine Ridge and Grassy Narrows. He reports beautiful weather all the time, hardly meeting with any ice.

MR. H. G. WOODS, assistant district manager, has returned from a trip to Fort Hope.

MR. F. H. ALDOUS, manager of Mattice Post, has just arrived from a trip to England and Ireland, his first visit in eighteen years. He was delayed on his way back for two days, owing to bad storms on the Atlantic.

Why This Cook Draws $10,000 a Year

Mr. Vanderbilt is said to pay his cook $10,000 a year, because he can cook better than any other man in America. If Monsieur Saucegravi could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and understand gardening pretty well, and could preach a fair sort of a sermon, and knew something about horses, and could telegraph a little, and could do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably well, and could do plain house and sign painting, and had once run for the legislature and knew how to weigh hay, he would not get $10,000 a year for it. He gets that just because he knows how to cook. It wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and that it went about its orbit on wheels. There's nothing like knowing your business through and through from withers to hoof, whether you know anything else or not. What's the good of knowing everything? A great financier once said to a youth, "What is your greatest ambition?" "To be a rich man," was the reply. "That's where you're a fool," answered the financier, "you ought to strive to be the greatest in your line in the world, and you can't help being rich." These are days of specialists. Try to be an expert in your particular work. Endeavor to do it more quickly and better than anyone else.

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

A Christmas Greeting

[*] Authorized Version by R. H. Hall, District
Officer Saskatchewan District (afterwards
Fur Trade Commissioner).

Tinkling bells are heard from afar,
Guided south by a Christmas star,
Tell us who these wanderers are—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

The gliding dog-sleds loom in sight,
From weary waste of arctic night,
With greetings from these men of might—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Scattered o'er that far northland,
Toil and labor that stalwart band,
Wielding the pen or the strong right hand—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Fearless and true to the very last,
Careless of danger or icy blast,
Or roaring rapid running fast—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Though far from home 'mid solitudes drear,
Far from all that is near and dear,
Full of charity, knowing not fear—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Sad sometimes when far away,
From boyhood's home and childhood's play,
Saddest perhaps on Christmas Day—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

When happy at home amongst Yuletide cheer,
Loved ones gather from far and near,
Think of the absent ones e'er dear—
The Men of the Hudson's Bay.

Think of them kindly, well 'tis worth
Of those who to danger and toil go forth,
Send kindest wishes furthest North—
To the Men of the Hudson's Bay.

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[*] In December, 1905, Chief Factor R. H. Hall (afterwards Commissioner), but then district officer of the Saskatchewan district, sent to each Post in his district with best wishes for Christmas a copy of the above poem.